New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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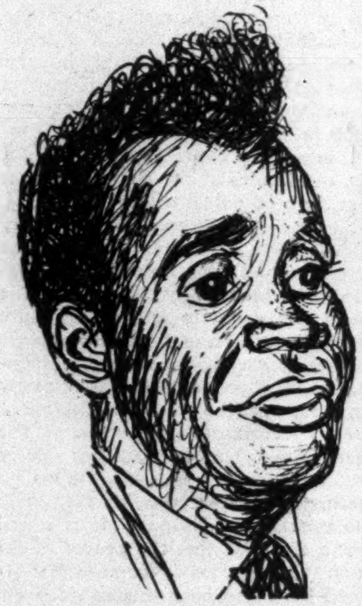

KAUNDA'S KINGDOM
Paul Johnson

★

GEORGE WIGG MP
The Truth about Kuwait

★

J. B. PRIESTLEY
Fifty Years of Tobacco

A Look at Publishing:
TOWARDS
THE DUSTBOWL
Walter Allen
Clancy Sigal
John Coleman
Anthony Godwin
A. Alvarez

Collapse into Europe

THIS week has brought two decisive proofs that the Cabinet has made up its mind to take Britain into the Common Market – if it can. The first is that talks will begin in a fortnight's time to discover what concessions may be obtained from the Six. The second comes from Mr Menzies. He has told Mr Sandys in plain terms that he rejects the Macmillan plan because the guarantees Britain offers are not an adequate protection for Australian interests. Of course, he has an election ahead, but the tough words of the communiqué leave no doubt that Mr Menzies has been told the Cabinet's intention to join Europe.

The contrast between the coming talks with the Six and those Mr Sandys has been having in his sales tour of the Commonwealth neatly points the dilemma in which Mr Macmillan now finds himself. It appears that the terms which would be acceptable to the Australians, Canadians and New Zealanders might so tie Britain's hands that there would be little hope of reaching an agreement with de Gaulle. Conversely, since the Six are in a position to drive the hardest of bargains, the price of Britain's entry into the Common Market would be a very serious strain on relations with at least three important members of the Commonwealth.

Mr Macmillan may possibly have cherished the hope that he could play the Commonwealth and the Six against each other: the role of the honest broker is one he likes. But, after the Canberra talks, he can have no illusions about his position. Like Buridan's Ass, placed midway between two bales of hay, he must decide whether to eat one or starve through indecision.

It is, of course, this dilemma that partly explains the government's reluctance to discuss the problem of the Common Market openly. Confronted by complex negotiations it is understandably unwilling to show its hand. But this is not the only explanation. Though there may be only one or two Cabinet members who still strongly oppose membership of the Community, there is a formidable body of back-bench (and constituency) opinion in the Conservative Party which is uneasy, and has been made more anxious by the forceful position taken by Mr Menzies. Knowing the difficulties that he faces within his own party, Mr Macmillan has hitherto sought to avoid a direct clash on this issue. He had hoped that the necessary negotiations could be carried near enough to the point of decision – especially with the parliamentary recess looming ahead – to enable him to present his party, and the country, with an almost inescapable commitment to join the Community.

This plan may now have been wrecked by Mr Menzies. In an attempt to win Australian agreement Mr Sandys was permitted to reveal the guarantees Britain will ask for, and to estimate what the Six may be expected to concede. Though parliament has not been told what they are, MPs could draw their own conclusions from the Canberra debacle. The pressure on Mr Macmillan increased dramatically this week, and he has at last been forced to meet the 1922 Committee.

It is, in fact, almost incredible that an issue of such significance for this country's future (certainly the most important since the decision to fight on in 1940) should be so long veiled in secrecy and confusion, and that the Cabinet should try to avoid public debate upon it until the decision is cut-and-dried. No doubt it is tempting for the Labour Party, itself genuinely unsure about the implications of joining the Common Market, to let Mr Macmillan incur the odium of his own manoeuvres. But even though it may not wish to force an election in which it would have to oppose outright British membership of the Community, it has an immediate responsibility. It is to insist that the government tells parliament what it intends, and to stand firmly for the minimum guarantees which this country's economic interests – and those of its trading partners in the Commonwealth – demand. The present evidence is that the Cabinet is prepared to collapse into Europe without them.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Member for the Queen's Bench?

ANTHONY HOWARD

'Court Full' it said for three days this week outside Court Three of the Queen's Bench Division. Nor was it entirely a surprise. It is not, after all, every day of the year that the machinery of an election court creaks into action, that learned counsel can be seen with apparently straight faces relying on precedents which lay down that 'one who has not taken the sacrament within a year is incapable of being elected to a public office', or indeed that Tory women agents – with names like Dorothy Mabel Kick – can be heard solemnly describing how leaflets are put into envelopes and the exact method of their transportation to the Post Office.

There is sometimes an air of terrifying inevitability about British politics – and presumably both Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn and his luckless Conservative opponent, Mr Malcolm St Clair, knew from the beginning of the Bristol story that there would come a moment when the Law Courts would swallow them both up. It has, as it has turned out, been a very gentle digestion. Nothing could have looked less like a radical battle ground than has this dingily distinguished court-room off the Strand this week. An old-world courtesy has pervaded the atmosphere, small essays at humour have been attempted by both bench and bar, and Mr Wedgwood Benn, with his modest respectful helpfulness, has been scarcely recognisable as the man who only two months ago sent the word ringingly out that anyone who challenged his election would be taking on all the people of Bristol.

In effect a very simple thing has happened. In an effort to attain a legal victory the Conservative Party has been forced to acknowledge a total political defeat. Last Tuesday it would have been impossible to discover anywhere a figure of more infinite pathos than the Bristol Conservative agent – Colonel C. P. B. Moggeridge – who in the witness box was brought to agree that he had done everything in his power to inform the electorate of the perilous, self-destroying course it would be taking if it gave its support to Mr Wedgwood Benn. There had been the leaflets – 61,000 of them – the advertisements in the local papers, even the massive posters outside each of the 34 polling stations, all combining to urge that a vote for 'Lord Stansgate' would be a vote 'thrown away'. And the electorate, of course, despite all the Colonel's good offices on its behalf, had decided quite deliberately to blow a democratic raspberry. Moreover, for the purposes of the court-room, the word 'deliberately' had to be emphasised again and again.

In the Temple it may all have sounded very sensible and unexceptionable; but in the Conservative Central Office there must surely have been the odd blush, even perhaps the occasional bitter tear. For everything that Mr Gaitskell told the government back on 8 May – that public opinion was overwhelmingly against it, that it was 'defending the indefensible by arguments which when not obscure, are obscurantist', – has been unwittingly underlined by the legal presentation made on the Conservative Party's behalf this week.

And here one should perhaps pause to notice a new game that it is now possible to play when in the company of Conservative MPs. It is a kind of Hide and Seek or, as some more cruelly call it, 'Hunt the Slippery'. All that has to be done is to enquire tactfully whether anyone present believes that the government has emerged with any credit from its treatment of the Wedgwood Benn case. Immediately on all sides hands start being washed – 'nothing to do with me', 'they should have left it completely alone', 'it's my belief that they were just plumb crazy'. The disowning chorus is likely to be unanimous, and perplexity only creeps in when the further question is asked – how, if all such excellent men were against it, did the whole thing come about?

It is at this point that the fun begins: for it is today virtually impossible to discover any Conservative who will confess to having supported – still less to having encouraged – the government in the course that it took. Even Mr R. A. Butler was briefly seen the other day scampering for cover and exclaiming excitedly that it really had not been his fault, that things would have been very much easier if only the government had taken his advice.

This, of course, is all very well – and it may even in its own way be encouraging. But there were, in fact, six divisions on 'the case of Mr Anthony Neil Wedgwood Benn'. In only three of those divisions did any Conservatives at all vote against the government; and if there is to be a roll of honour only three names deserve to get on it – those of Mr Robert Mathew, Mr Peter Kirk and Mr Humphry Berkeley. They at least, within the limits of party discipline, did vote consistently.

But for the rest, names simply popped up at haphazard times. Mr Gerald Nabarro, for example, may have volleyed and thundered – but he only once managed actually to record a vote. The same goes for such well-known progressives as Mr David Price and Mr Christopher Chataway. Theirs again was a once-for-all gesture – almost as furtive as that of Sir Edward Boyle in slipping away to one of Mr Wedgwood Benn's evening seminars after having addressed a public meeting on behalf of his opponent.

Nevertheless the fact does remain that at one time or another 23 Conservative MPs (by no means all from the left of the party – one of them indeed was Sir William Robson Brown) did go into the lobby against the government on at any rate the fringe aspects of this issue; and this must surely be a factor very much in Mr Butler's mind as he contemplates, in his dual capacity of chairman of the party and Leader of the House, the next move that the government will make. He has, after all, to face the prospect that one day soon one of those 23 might even have the temerity to ask him what on earth has happened to that Select Committee that the government was going to set up to inquire into the whole question of Lords Reform.

Yet if the Conservative Party has blundered badly, the Labour Party has certainly not been exactly skilful – if only in terms of a failure to recognise an opportunity. The more that becomes known about that side of the story, the more incredible it all seems.

In the first place there was Mr Gaitskell's initial total failure of instinct. It is a sad story, but a true one, that the Leader of the Opposition's first reaction to the news that Mr Wedgwood Benn had been snuffed out from the Commons was to comment that some young peers in the House of Lords could really be quite useful. And although Mr Gaitskell later changed his mind – partly as a result of a four-hour railway journey with Mr Charles Pannell – some of his closer colleagues have never shifted from their original ground at all.

Mr George Brown, for instance, despite his visit to support Mr Wedgwood Benn in the by-election, has never disguised his impatience with the whole affair – regarding it as quite irrelevant to the purposes of the Labour Party; and within the Parliamentary Labour Party, there are many members – especially in the trade union group – who would firmly endorse the statement, somewhat unfortunately made by a Labour candidate at the Edinburgh North by-election last year, that there was 'a House of Lords for lords, and a House of Commons for commoners'.

Very soon, however, the issue will have to be firmly faced on both sides. And for the real casualty of the whole enterprise – the House of Lords itself – it will not really matter which way the present case goes. Whether it all ends with Mr St Clair being induced (apparently and understandably very much against his personal wish) to brazen it out in the Commons, or with Mr Wedgwood Benn insisting (rather against the National Executive's present inclination) on taking to the hustings again, the House of Lords seems bound to find itself the victim either of a gale of laughter or of a wave of popular resentment. And for all three political parties the question 'Who is on the Lords' side?' may well become important.

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Going Abroad?

Readers holiday-making in Italy and other parts of the Continent this summer should find copies of the NEW STATESMAN *at foreign-newspaper kiosks in most of the main centres. If you will be off the beaten track we will post your copy to you; simply send us your address and 1s. per copy.*

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Comments on the Week's News

South-West Africa

Britain and Verwoerd v. the Rest

The British government's excuse for refusing facilities for the UN Commission on South-West Africa to visit Bechuanaland is that its members might use their visit to break South African law. In blunt terms this means that Britain is backing South African defiance of the UN General Assembly. The Commission has been instructed to visit South-West Africa and investigate conditions there, if possible with the co-operation of the South African government, but if not, without it. The South Africans have brusquely refused to allow them to enter and the police are patrolling the frontiers ready to arrest them if they attempt to do so. The Commission has already interviewed South-West African refugees in Accra and wishes to do so in Bechuanaland also. It announced, perhaps injudiciously, when in Ghana that it intended to enter South-West Africa despite the South African ban. Hence the withdrawal by Britain of visas for entry to Bechuanaland. As the very legitimacy of South African administration in South-West Africa is contested by the UN, the British government cannot escape the charge that it is now openly supporting the South Africans against international authority.

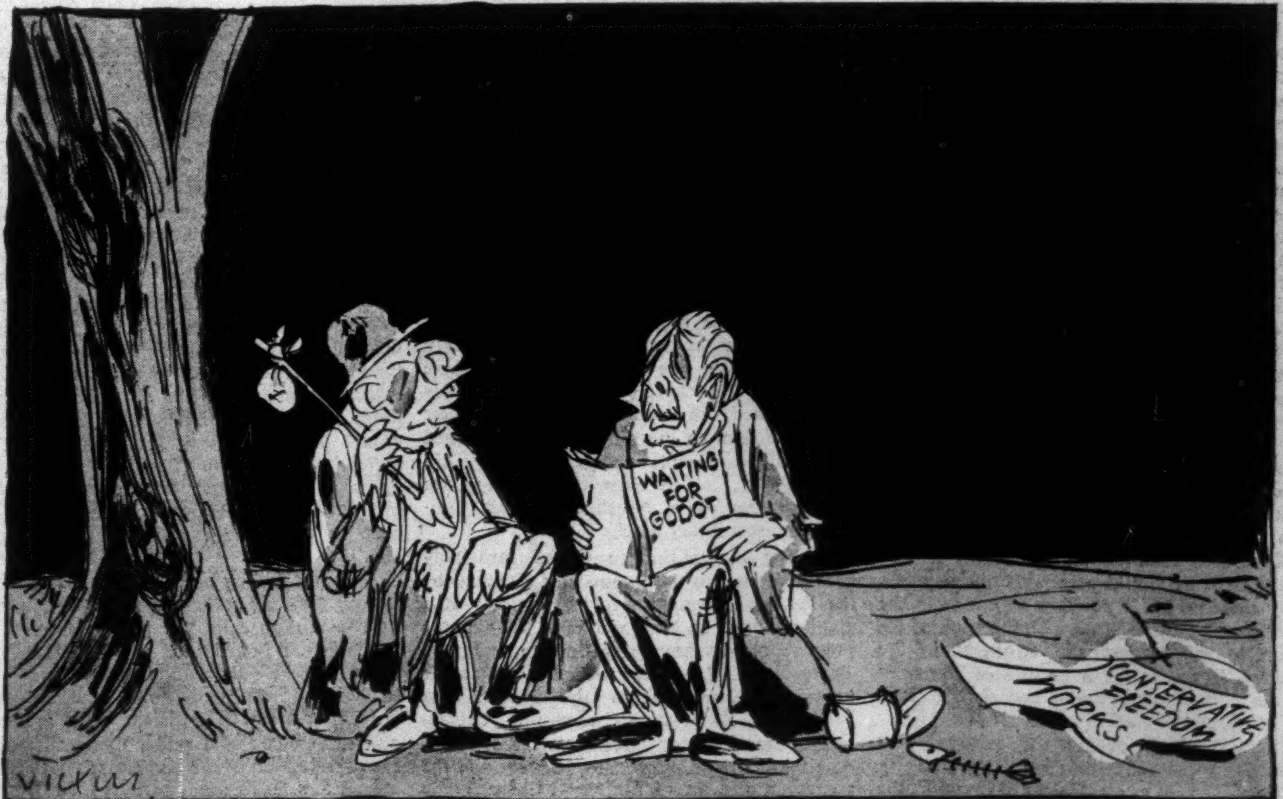
This foolish appeasement of *apartheid* again reveals the almost open war which is now being waged between the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Colonial Office. By acting with such contempt towards African susceptibilities and our international obligations, the CRO is once again frustrating Mr Macleod's efforts to establish trust between the African states and ourselves. If, as has been proposed, the UN Commission now by-passes Bechuanaland and uses Tanganyika as its base for entering South-West Africa, the antipathy between these two departments of state may become a serious embarrassment to the government. Should the South Africans then arrest or molest the accredited representatives of the UN engaged on the business of the General Assembly, where would Britain stand in an Assembly vote?

Defence

Russia's Mr Kissinger

Somewhere in Russia there must be an equivalent of Mr Kissinger – and a man who has enjoyed considerably more success in getting his advice accepted by the government. The Soviet air display on Sunday made it abundantly clear that Russia has already carried out a complete overhaul of its conventional aerial forces and is now well ahead of the West in manned bombers and fighters – as well as rockets. The lessons of this show are painful enough for the Americans: the Russians showed 15 Bears, equipped with a powered bomb, which the Americans cannot match until 1964-5, when Skybolt becomes available; they also showed a Bounder, the equivalent of the projected B-70 Mach 2.2 bomber, which is only at the drawing-board stage, and which the Americans have not even decided to produce.

But the display cast an even more pitiful light on the Macmillan-Sandys 1957 defence policy, which, in the pursuit of Bluestreak (now scrapped) decided not to replace the present generation of V-bombers. There are 200 of these, flying at well below Mach 1; none of the improved Mark II versions is yet in squadron operational use. The Mark I Blue Steel powered bomb (whose range is only 80 miles) is not yet in use, and the longer-ranged Mark II has been scrapped. Our entire force, therefore, must deliver their bombs from over the target and at sub-sonic speed. The Soviet air show proves that, even excluding ground-to-air rockets, the V-bombers would face an insuperable fighter screen. The Flashlight Yak 25 all-weather night fighter, which itself outclasses the V-bomber, is now regarded, by the Russians, as obsolescent. In addition there is the improved Mig 19 Farmer and Mig 21 Faceplate, both believed to be equipped as night-fighters, plus the Delta-winged Fishbed and Fishpot. All these four types fly at Mach 2 – well over twice the speed of the V-bombers. It is significant that the Soviet authorities did not even bother to show their own equivalent of the V-bomber, the Blowlamp; apparently they regard aircraft of this capability as little better than junk. Where, now, is our 'independent deterrent'?



'What are we doing here, that *is the question. And we are blessed in this, that we happen to know the answer. Yes, in this immense confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come —'*

New York

Labour's Dead-end Kid

ROBERT BENDINER writes: With more than five million unemployed and the spectre of automation haunting the trade unions, organised labour now faces the prospect of a coup by James R. Hoffa, the least savoury of its possible messiahs. It seems somehow appropriate to the times that the emerging leader of American unionism should be Mr Hoffa, whose Teamsters were ousted from the AFL-CIO four years ago for corruption.

In the Thirties labour had John L. Lewis, a prophet and warrior on the Old Testament model; in the Forties it had gentle Phil Murray, the religiously humble Scot who, as head of the CIO, rode to work on a streetcar; and in the Fifties it had the socio-political Walter Reuther, who in Britain would eventually have come to flower in a Labour cabinet. Today the unions' rising star belongs to the cynical, cocky little chieftain who has just had the Teamsters raise his salary from $50,000 a year to $75,000, plus unlimited expenses. His union occupies a five-million-dollar palace of glass and marble, complete with French chef and luxurious gymnasium, and he has been in and out of the courts enough to merit the tag of 'Labour's Dead-end Kid'. The mere possibility of his becoming the top labour figure in the country is a reflection of the crass state of the American trade union movement.

The Teamsters' recent convention in Miami Beach indicates that this possibility is far from remote. The union not only re-elected Hoffa, in the face of 20,000 pages of Senate testimony alleging malfeasance, misfeasance, and non-feasance, not to mention a pending indictment, but endowed him with remarkable powers for proceeding on his ambitious way. A generous treasury and almost absolute control will make it possible for him on the political side to build a formidable machine, supplemented by a Washington lobby 'second to none'. Organisationally, he has been empowered to enroll in the Teamsters *all* presently unorganised workers, whatever their jobs. Since there are three times as many unorganised workers as there are members of the AFL-CIO, the field is wide open for Hoffa to turn his union into a huge rival federation, with plenty of jurisdictional warfare ahead – unless Meany, Reuther and company take the shady Teamsters back into the fold.

Far from making gestures of self-reform, to allow the AFL-CIO at least to save face, the convention thumbed its collective nose by dropping from the union's constitution the provision under which convicted racketeers and major criminals were to suffer the loss of their cards. The clause was rarely, if ever, invoked, but its gratuitous elimination seemed almost an endorsement of felony. The brazenness of the act was not an indication that Hoffa scorns readmission. He wants it very much, since he would gain not only respectability thereby, but a position of power in the federation commensurate with the rank of his union as the biggest and strongest in the country. It was rather a gesture of contempt on the part of a man who can almost smell the coming capitulation of his rivals.

There is plenty of material evidence that Hoffa is indeed the labour man to watch. In spite of the ban on fraternising with the unethical exiles, three AFL-CIO union presidents showed up at Miami Beach to wish him well and speak his praises. All three were men who must depend heavily on Teamster refusal to cross a picket line in the event of strikes by their unions. In addition, Hoffa already has something of a mutual-aid pact with other transportation unions, and even Harry Bridges appeared at the convention to hail Hoffa's contribution to the national welfare. Finally, it is not lost on observers in the field that the AFL-CIO sorely misses the million dollars that the Teamsters' expulsion costs the federation's treasury each year.

All of which has made Hoffa brash enough to predict that the federation will readmit his union within 18 months or break up – a process that he encourages by referring publicly to President Meany as 'that dopey, thick-headed Irishman', while suggesting that Vice-President Reuther is all set to support his readmission. In or out of the federation, much more will be heard from Jimmy Hoffa, and it is hard to believe it will be for the better.

Peking

A New Co-Prosperity Sphere?

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: Early this year, *The Mainichi Daily News*, which reflects the more conservative financial interests of Japan, carried a headline: 'Red China Topic of Year'. The forecast has proved correct. China's potential trade, the question of her recognition by the UN, her relations with Formosa and South-east Asia have all figured largely in talks between the Japanese Prime Minister, Ikeda, and President Kennedy in Washington last month – and between the Foreign Minister, Kosaka, and British ministers last week.

Japan's remarkable post-war rehabilitation has depended primarily on American aid. Now the rapid rise of a great industrial nation across the China Sea presents Japanese leaders with a dilemma: how far can they afford to forfeit this new outlet for their exports and source of raw materials because they are politically committed to the US? The Chinese have naturally exploited this situation, and their press has recently given much coverage to the benefits Japan would derive from more friendly relations with China and freedom from US entanglements. Thus, the *Ta-kung pao* lavishly praised the Japanese who fought against the 'Anti-Political Violence Bill', which Ikeda tried to rush through on the eve of his departure for the US. The writer described it as 'an important part of the Ikeda government's plot to implement the new Japan-US Security Treaty and accelerate the revival of Japanese militarism'. The *Jen-min Jih-pao* editorially congratulated the Japanese people on their victory in fighting the bill which it described as 'instigated and encouraged by US imperialists . . . to clear the way for the establishment of a North-east Asian anti-Communist military bloc'.

Visiting delegations to China invariably provide a clue to the importance attached by the Peking bureaucracy to any country at a given moment. In May and June, the Chinese press reported many delegations from Japan. There were Japanese writers and trade unionists; women from the Japan-China Friendship Association; economic delegations; the Director-General of the Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee of Japan; and the managing director of the Japan-China Trade Promotion Association. Table tennis players were great favourites; Chou En-lai, welcoming some of them at a banquet, said he hoped that friendship between Chinese and Japanese players and people would be 'as everlasting as Fujiyama' and would grow 'like the uninterrupted flow of the Yangtse river'. There was a 16-member delegation of the Japanese Council against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs, and another which brought a list of Chinese war victims abducted to Japan during the war against China. Most important of all was the delegation of Japanese Communist members of the Diet.

At the end of their visit the Japanese MPs signed a communiqué with the Chinese Nationalist People's Congress which was widely publicised. Both sides affirmed that 'peace-loving people the world over must oppose the US imperialist policy'; that 'the fact that normal relations have not yet been restored between China and Japan is due entirely to manipulation by US imperialism and its follower, Japanese monopoly capital'; that the 'Two Chinas' policy must be condemned; and that 'the peoples of China and Japan must strive unremittingly to break through the man-made obstacles put up by the US-Japanese reactionaries against the restoration of normal relations between the two countries'. The *Jen-min Jih-pao*, editorially welcoming this statement, added that the Chinese people 'resolutely back up the just struggle of the Japanese for the withdrawal of US troops from their country, the abolition of US military bases, the recovery of Okinawa and Ogaswara islands and for an independent, democratic, peaceful and neutral Japan'.

The Law

'Justice' and Privacy

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* In London last Monday evening, when 'Justice' staged a public discussion on the need for a statute to protect the ailing right of privacy, Lord Altrincham argued that Lord Mancroft's recent bill was based on 'sketchy and inadequate evidence' and on the 'dangerous theory' that you can safeguard one form of liberty by restricting another. He added that the Royal Family ought to have been delighted about the press treatment of Princess Margaret's recent visit to Ireland, and that people in the public eye were in it as whole personalities. The difficulty about this argument is that obscure people are often in the limelight as victims of cruel circumstances; and, as Mr Gerald Gardiner said, they need the protection that something like the Mancroft bill would give them. Lord Justice Harman's view that, rather than be given any statutory rights, they should entrust themselves to 'the common sense of a judge and jury of the Queen's Bench', suggested that there is at least some right of action at Common Law for breach of privacy; but someone, some day, has to find out whether Lord Harman is right – and will have to make the experiment without legal aid.

As a fact-finding body, 'Justice' has become in four years an influential watch-dog in what its constitution calls 'the preservation of the fundamental liberties of the individual'. Its annual report, published last month, notes the tendency of all professional and corporate bodies to react to criticism 'with indignant and strenuous denial rather than with objective examination of the complaint', but demonstrates that, in its many reports from working parties, 'Justice' is finding much more than 'sketchy evidence' that the rule of law operates unevenly. It is good news that it will shortly take up the problem of compensation for victims of violent crime.

The Partnership in Danger

The ETU case continues to echo through the Labour movement. Twice in a week the trade union MPs have met to discuss it – the first time with Mr Byrne and Mr Chapple, and on Tuesday with Mr George Woodcock, the TUC general secretary – and on both occasions they revealed their anxiety about its implications. There is the danger of legislation directed against trade unions; there is the prospect of public discredit; there is the even more knotty problem of revitalising trade union democracy and providing against a repetition of such a scandal by Communists or any other special outside interest.

All these are urgent issues which affect the political side of the Labour movement as much as they concern the trade unions. For it is, in fact, the special and traditional link between the Labour Party and the unions which has saved British unions from lapsing, on the one hand, into the 'business' unionism of the Americans or, on the other hand, into 'political' control by the Communists.

Should Unions Be Political?

This partnership has thus played an important part in British politics throughout this century, and it remains vital to preserve it. But, perceptibly if slowly, it is moving towards a crisis. One aspect of that crisis which has already attracted some attention is Labour's growing financial plight. The party is spending more than its income each year on routine expenses; yet by modern standards its expenditure is still inadequate. The unions have hitherto done their best; in recent years, with much of the constituency expense carried by the effort of local parties, Labour has just managed to get by on the central donations and affiliation fees of the unions. But there are limits. Unions which are short of funds for their own purposes, but are reluctant to raise their dues, feel unable to find much more for the Labour Party.

The financial problem, however, is only a symptom of the difficulties which this partnership now confronts. Its real causes go much deeper. It is all very well to spend vast sums of union money on elections. But three election defeats in a row have begun to give some union leaders pause: if Labour cannot win an election, what is the point of continuing to subsidise the party? Such a question would have seemed incredible to the older generation for whom the partnership between the unions and the party was an article of faith. The union money which nurtured the party through all the early years of adversity was given without hope of immediate return. Why is it that today influential trade unionists are asking, in private if not yet in public, whether the partnership will survive another election defeat? Why, indeed, are some already suggesting it is outmoded and embarassing?

There are two main reasons. The first dates back to the post-war Labour government. It was then that the older generation of union leaders loyally co-operated, under difficult conditions of austerity and inflation, in the wage-restraint that Sir Stafford Cripps deemed essential to economic recovery. To this end they refrained from using the greatly enhanced bargaining-power with which they had emerged from the war. That was greatly to their credit; but when the policy of wage-restraint broke down, it left the unions deeply uneasy about their possible relations with a future Labour government. This remains such a sensitive problem that few people talk openly about it, but everyone knows that it is the most important unanswered question should Labour come to power again. Significantly, neither Mr Harold Wilson's Four-Year Plan nor *Signposts for the Sixties* faced the problem of a wage-policy openly and squarely.

Unions exist primarily to defend the living standards of their members: that means putting industrial achievement before long-term political objectives. They wish to remain free to do this whoever is Chancellor. And their anxieties about their position under a Labour government bent on planning have been strengthened, paradoxically, by their relative satisfaction with what they have managed to achieve in ten years of Tory rule. Union leaders may still feel the occasional pricks of a Socialist conscience formed in the hard years of the Twenties and Thirties (as the Clause Four controversy showed), but the election of a Labour government no longer seems to many of them the only – or necessarily even the best – way of serving the ordinary bread-and-butter interest of their members.

Some such thought seems to lie behind several pronouncements by Mr Woodcock in recent months. In April he wrote in *Red Tape*, the journal of the Civil Service Clerical Association, that the members of the TUC 'have been driven by circumstances to associate more with one party than the other two, but we are still an independent industrial organisation'. On 30 May, speaking to the Association's conference, he returned to this theme. 'We start', he said, 'as trade unionists and we end as trade unionists. It would be wrong if we started on the assumption that it is the TUC's function to support one political party. In the trade union movement there are people of all parties and people of no party.'

Tory-style Pressure Groups

Mr Woodcock must be assumed to have chosen his words carefully – and his audience. He knows that the Association is only one of the white-collar unions which have been growing rapidly of late, and are exercising increasing influence on the TUC. Most of them have little interest in the partnership between the TUC and the Labour Party, and they tend not to affiliate to the party or to vote on what they consider 'political' motions at TUC meetings. They favour 'modern' or 'business' unionism on the American model, believing that the TUC should act as a pressure group without overt political affiliations (like the National Farmers' Union, for instance) which can enjoy close relations with the government, whatever its political label. Individual unions, they feel, should make the best deals with the employers they can for their members.

Where they would differ sharply from Mr Cousins – who also believes that in a 'free-for-all' society union leaders must be free to strike as good a bargain as possible – is that they see this as the sum of their objectives, not as a temporary expedient against the day when a Labour government can radically change society. Mr Cousins would genuinely prefer collective provision for old age, sickness or redundancy: the 'new' unionists are quite prepared to settle for these fringe benefits from direct industrial negotiation. Their vision is narrow and immediate, and they see no reason to wait for a Labour government to achieve power.

The corollary in party politics of these modern trade unionists are those members of the Labour Party who feel that an electorally valuable 'liberal' image is damaged by the party's apparent domination by the union bosses, or by the indiscretions of the Socialist Mr Cousins or the 'irresponsible' Mr Hill. Mr Douglas Jay incautiously voiced this view last year, but a good many of his fellow 'revisionists' privately share it. They are as obsessed by parliamentary tactics as some union leaders are by industrial action: they would like to reconstruct the Labour Party to Mr Robert McKenzie's specification – a political machine similar to that of the Tory organisation, in which the unions would play the same indirect role as employers' pressure groups do among the Tories.

No New Jerusalem

If such a notion were merely a pipe-dream of Mr Jay or Mr Woodcock the matter would be less serious. But it is not: there is a current setting in this direction which could even prove strong enough to sweep away the Labour Party as we have known it – especially if it should lose the next election. What might then happen? The British political pattern could well become a carbon copy of the American. If that were to happen, the Labour Party would inevitably be changed (as some already wish to change it) into a liberal organisation: perhaps by fusion with the Liberals it would become in name as well as in substance a Democratic Party. At the same time the unions, lacking a political wing to their organisation, would become like the AFL-CIO, making such deals as they could with the government of the day, giving general support to socially progressive measures and even some assistance to the more liberal of the two parties. (Mr Woodcock's phrases come close to the old Gomper's policy of 'rewarding friends and punishing enemies'.) But the partnership with which the Labour pioneers set out to build the New Jerusalem would have been effectively wound up.

Would this matter? If the objectives set out in *Signposts for the Sixties* are to be achieved – and these (including the extension of public ownership) are the minimum conditions for achieving a balanced combination of economic growth and social justice – the partnership between the Labour Party and the unions is essential. It is not merely a question of trade union money to keep the Labour Party solvent; it is not even the role that unions play in keeping a predominantly parliamentary party in touch with the realities of working-class life. The crucial fact is that a Labour government setting its hand to a policy of radical economic and social reform cannot dispense with the active co-operation of the unions in planning. With memories of the wage-freeze still fresh enough to be an embarrassment, and with Socialist doctrine at a discount in official Labour circles, this may be an unpalatable thought both for the Labour leadership and the key figures in the TUC. It is much easier to drift than face it. But a Labour Party that does not make the attempt is not only unworthy of its purpose: it is doomed to liquidation because it will have neglected to maintain its single sure foundation and essential instrument.

Kaunda's Kingdom

PAUL JOHNSON

'He's *very* fierce', said the little girl proudly, patting her evil-looking Alsatian. 'Why, he even bites Europeans'. I was not surprised to hear it, judging by the way the brute was looking at me. Otherwise, however, he fitted neatly into the racial pattern: he even had a brass tag on his collar, announcing 'European-owned Dog'. Why, I asked the little girl's father, did he keep such a dangerous animal?

'Oh, you have to. Otherwise the Kaffirs are all over your place, thieving everything.' He corrected himself, grinning. 'Not supposed to call them that nowadays, of course. But it's true, you know. They don't have such a thing as a conscience – even when they pretend to be Christians. God's own pagans, I call them.'

The curious thing about this remark, spoken by a young settler in the heart of the Northern Rhodesian bush, was that it hit, with unconscious accuracy, the exact reverse of the truth. In the struggle for control of the Federation, the Europeans represent western materialism in its most unabashed form, the Africans a wistful, perhaps impractical Christianity. The European argument, stripped of its sophistries such as 'Partnership' ('the partnership between a rider and his horse', as Lord Malvern put it in a frank moment), runs as follows. The Federation is immensely rich. Only if the Europeans remain in control can these riches be realised. In the end, all races will benefit. But until then we simply can't afford such luxuries as democracy and racial equality – even elementary justice. In sentimental moments, the European will perhaps picture an ultimate, distant future in which the average African enjoys 'a two-car standard of living'. His thinking reflects the harsh, philistine tradition of Cecil Rhodes.

I caught a glimpse of the African approach last Sunday, when I heard Kenneth Kaunda deliver his presidential address to the annual congress of the United National Independence Party. The setting was a natural amphitheatre in the bush, 15 miles outside Broken Hill. Crude banners flapped in a thin breeze: 'Be Patient and Polite'; 'Macleod's Plan is Satanic'; 'O God, Where is Thy Wind of Change?' Kaunda began his address – I almost wrote, sermon – with the text 'The Lord is My Shepherd'. God is almost a dirty word among some Europeans; when Billy Graham visited the Federation, the police insisted on tape-recording his meetings. 'The trouble with Kaunda', said a European bitterly, 'is that he's always bringing the Deity into it'. Indeed he is. Christian principles are in his blood. He was brought up on a mission station. His father was the first African missionary to penetrate Northern Rhodesia from Nyasaland. Kaunda is a vegetarian, a non-smoker, a teetotaller. He is a student of Gandhi (he served a prison sentence for possessing, among others, books on non-violence). He has also been the headmaster of a Christian school. When he stood up to speak to his 3,000 delegates last Sunday, he seemed to embody the two great Victorian traditions of Richard Livingstone and Thomas Arnold.

Today, he is a puzzled and disappointed man. To his Christian mind, the facts of Northern Rhodesia cry to Heaven for vengeance. In 1957 a survey revealed that the Poverty Datum Line for a man with three children in Northern Rhodesia – the minimum income required for health and decency – was £14.11s. a month; the average income, in fact, was £8.8.10 (it has risen very little since). By contrast, most of the European miners earn a minimum of £100 a month, and enjoy a roomy, company-owned bungalow for five shillings a week, including free electricity and water. In Lusaka, an African operating a linotype machine gets £35 a month, a European doing the same job £110. There are 25 African children for every European; yet in 1957-8, for instance, the Federation spent £5½ million on European education and only £4½ million on the Africans. No wonder only two per cent of the African children who are lucky enough to go to primary school can expect to get a secondary education. It is the same story in public health, housing, even in such basic amenities as paved roads and electricity.

Meanwhile, all around him, Kaunda sees the wind of change operating. The Congo is already independent. Tanganyika follows in December. In August, Nyasaland will elect its first African government. In all these countries, the African is more backward than in Northern Rhodesia. For three years Kaunda has been holding his followers in check, preaching desperately the gospel of non-violence – despite palpable evidence that in Nyasaland violence has paid. He put his trust in Macleod, believing, as Hastings Banda had said, that he was a 'true Christian gentleman'. The Monckton Report seemed to justify his patience, and its findings were, to some extent at least, reflected in Macleod's proposals for a new Northern Rhodesian constitution outlined in the original White Paper. This would have given the Africans legislative parity and opened the road to a smooth and peaceful transfer of power.

Then Welensky and his London allies intervened – and Macleod discovered that it is sometimes extremely difficult to be a Christian, let alone a gentleman. The new constitution he announced three weeks ago is a mockery of democracy. Its terms are almost incomprehensible, the principles on which it is based entirely racial. Its obvious objective is to ensure a majority for Welensky's United Federal Party. This miserable episode seems to prove not only that non-violence does not pay, but that European violence – or the threat of it – does.

When I talked to Kaunda last week, his Christian patience was paper-thin. 'I still think Macleod is sincere', he said, 'but I must go by the facts of the situation. What am I to tell my people?' The question was not rhetorical: Kaunda is in a genuine dilemma. If he agrees to work the new constitution, he accepts the principle of White Supremacy. In theory (and this, no doubt, is how Macleod squares his conscience), if Kaunda can unite all the Africans, including the stooges, behind him and form an effective alliance with Sir John Moffat's Liberals, there is just a possibility that he would win a bare majority. But even then his majority would be entirely dependent on white votes – in a country where the people are 97 per cent African.

Moreover, the practical objections to such a course seem unanswerable. If Moffat went in with Kaunda, he would lose most of his white voters overnight, while Kaunda himself would face a certain split among his own followers. The United Federal Party is already engaged in an intensive campaign to win over a section of the Africans. The Africans, indeed, are already badly divided, on tribal as well as political lines.

What, then, is likely to happen? My own guess is that this new constitution will never come into operation, and that there will be violence before the end of the year, perhaps within weeks. Last Sunday, Kaunda managed to deflect his delegates from an open commitment to violence, but his prestige and leadership emerged badly shaken. As it was, he was forced to declare: 'I have struck the word patience from my vocabulary'.

His own belief – and this reveals the magnitude of Welensky's folly – is that the authorities are anxious to provoke him into some act which would allow them to clap him in gaol. In that event, his more extreme lieutenants – who already threaten his position – will unquestionably take over and race warfare will follow. 'We need 50 dead Africans for independence', say the more cynical nationalists, thinking of Nyasaland. I doubt if the Europeans will be content with that. Some of their more crackpot 'leaders' are already forming private armies and laying in weapons. The police – half of whom are South Africans – have been training for the clash they await with grim complacency.

The tragedy of this situation is that the fears on both sides are largely groundless. Whatever happens, Northern Rhodesia will be run by Africans within a year or two. Their fear that federation would mould their country in the racist image of Southern Rhodesia has proved groundless; on the contrary, discriminatory barriers are being steadily lowered in both territories. Equally, the European belief that an African majority would produce immediate economic collapse, leading rapidly to a black dictatorship, seems almost laughable to the visitor.

If the Africans were given a small majority now, I suspect that real power would continue to be exercised, as it is at present, by the permanent officials. True, some of the white miners would eventually lose their jobs, but this will happen anyway. Investment, which is now falling, would certainly increase. As for dictatorship, this is only likely to happen, as Sir John Moffat said to me, if the Europeans blindly maintain their present attitude. There is a reasonable chance that, if constitutional development follows rapidly in the three territories, the Federation will survive; otherwise it is doomed.

These reflections may seem obvious to an outsider, but they are bitterly disputed by both races in Northern Rhodesia. What is required, therefore, as in all colonial conflicts, is determined leadership on the part of the mother-country, and this Mr Macleod has signally failed to provide. Far from being too clever by half, he has dithered incompetently, and if he imagines that his surrender to Welensky has won him any favour with the whites, he is very much mistaken: indeed, the one thing which unites all races there is their dislike, tinged now with contempt, for the Colonial Secretary.

Today it may be too late to avoid bloodshed, but my own guess is that there is still a chance, while Kaunda's prestige lasts, of getting a workable settlement. This won't be achieved by feverish telephone calls from London. Indeed, my first piece of advice to Mr Macleod would be to catch the next plane to Lusaka, and glimpse the portents of death for himself.

London Diary

CHARON

Is it possible that the Labour Party's argument on defence will after all end in a turn-up for the book? Some shrewd forecasters think it just conceivably may. Apparently there has been considerable ill-feeling among the rank and file of USDAW at their executive's decision not to table at the Labour conference the famous Crossman-Padley resolution. The ground, remember, for that decision was that the compromise could no longer hope to carry the conference. Mr Padley's critics always disputed this, and some of them are on the USDAW delegation at the conference. Constitutionally, I'm told, the delegation is entitled to interpret for itself the USDAW conference mandate on defence – which was to support the Crossman-Padley compromise if it stood a chance of uniting the party. The USDAW executive is equally entitled to make its own decision not to table the resolution. But suppose, as is very likely, somebody else tables it. And suppose the USDAW delegation decided to support it. And suppose the railwaymen (as they well might in the light of their divided opinion) decided to do the same. And the T&GW, who, whatever has happened since, in a sense first inspired the compromise. And a large – perhaps overwhelming – number of constituency delegates who want unity at almost all costs. The truth is that the unity bandwagon could still roll in more than one direction, and, despite the comfortable prophecies of Hugh Gaitskell's PR men, Scarborough might yet end with a bang.

* * *

Not much doubt, now, about the present government's unpopularity. I got an ear-opener last week-end listening to the conversation at a tea party in the south-west of England where everybody except myself was a confirmed Tory of some sort. I was particularly impressed by the ferocity of two ladies, one of them an imposing local WVS boss, the other a church worker from a coastal town. They agreed that the two greatest disappointments of the past year in their lives had been Macmillan and Kennedy. One said she'd once been fool enough to cherish hopes that Selwyn Lloyd might be someone you could trust with your stocking; but it was obvious now that he hadn't a clue. The WVS boss said: 'If he goes on with all these cuts, we shall have a whole succession of strikes, followed by a thumping crisis, a flight from the pound, a general election and another Labour government.' 'If only,' said the church worker, 'we had a real leader like de Gaulle or even that old beast Krushchev. At least he seems to know what he's about.' They then both fell to customary nostalgia for their beloved Winston.

* * *

The Foreign Office has made itself unpopular all round over the Gagarin reception. It started, I'm told, by assuring the Americans that, as this was an unofficial visit, there would be no occasion for any elaborate celebration; and added the egregious piece of comfort that the decoration proportionate to Gagarin's rank of Major would be the MBE. The electrically spontaneous enthusiasm of the crowds seems to have taken officialdom by surprise. The Duke of Edinburgh's interest in science prompted the Queen's so sensible luncheon invitation. Gagarin himself, as everybody remarks, might have been ideally designed by an international college of public relations experts. He is shorter than you expect, which somehow adds a touch of endearment. At the Soviet Trade Exhibition, where I saw him, the crowd got so thick that at one moment I thought I was shut in for the rest of the afternoon. Suddenly the loud hailer boomed two English names, adding: 'Will these two boys please go to Seat Four in Outer Space at once.' This started a tide on which I was able to slip out. One of the things I liked most about the layout of the exhibition was the generous allowance of floor space so that people could sit or lie around. Machine tools much in evidence among the exhibits; Africans among the spectators. Do not attempt to go a step inside without getting a plan, otherwise you are certain to get lost. The portions of caviare for 32s. 6d. are far too small – most uncharacteristic of the Russian open-handedness. Georgian white wine, moreover, needs hyper-icing.

* * *

'The Gentlemen of the Household are nothing but a pack of layabouts.' This denunciation was made to me by an indignant *paterfamilias* and foundation-brick of the Establishment, after he and his wife had been off-handedly jostled by one of the Gentlemen at last week's Buckingham Palace garden party. Not the first complaint of its kind that I've heard. A worthy lady who'd been at a recent official tea-party at Buckingham Palace told me that she and her group had been kept waiting for more than three-quarters of an hour standing on the same few square feet of carpet. The Gentlemen on duty that afternoon lolled around, looking bored blue and exchanging *sotto voce* cracks among themselves. They never suggested that the suffering guests might like, for instance, to look at the pictures. 'If,' said she, 'anybody's bladder had been too full the royal carpet would have suffered.' Completely different was the behaviour of the Comptroller of the Household at a recent investiture. He repeatedly walked up and down the line asking after the state of everybody's waterworks and pointing out each conceivable item of interest on the walls.

* * *

I was slouching along the street, meditating savagely on the atrocious contrast between the perilous incompetence of our rulers and the immense practical possibilities for a civilised life offered us on a plate by technological resources. A friend hailed me. 'You look,' he said, 'as if you were trying to emulate Sir Francis Galton's famous walk.' Galton – the justly celebrated early-19th-century scientist, who is probably the holder of the all-time infant prodigy record – once set out to make an experiment as follows. He said to himself: 'I am going out for a walk under the acted, yet intense, conviction that all England hates me.' Sure enough, he soon found that passers-by were turning away from him as if menaced. A rough jostled him off the pavement, and just before ten minutes were up he was smartly kicked by a drayman's horse. In our traffic-maddened streets today any such Galtonian experiment might be too dangerous. How, on the other hand, can one act the converse – all England loves me? There are different kinds of danger lurking here.

At flood tide the Thames below London Bridge was looking a deceptively clean metallic blue in the evening glow. Libations and silver coins were being poured into the river from the balcony of the 'Prospect'. This, though we often denounce it as a high-priced tourist pub, gives you the sensation of being afloat. Dive through the Rotherhithe Tunnel, twist round into Jamaica Road and fetch up on the balcony of the 'Angel'. Here you look upstream towards the bridge. Locals are knowledgeable about the shipping; their children in danger of vanishing through the wooden rail into the drink. Further along Jamaica Road, in Bermondsey, is that significantly contemporary pub the 'Lilliput'. Its landlord, Bert Annabell, is a talented jazz pianist. His saloon bar is a shrine for fans for miles around. Back under the Tunnel; just time to look into the 'Rose and Crown' in Pennyfields, still standing amid the purposeful demolition like a gallant crone's sole fang. Swing round into East India Dock Road for the last hour at the 'Iron Bridge'.

* * *

This is the favourite pub of everybody I know who has been there. Nobody is ever quite the same afterwards. It has been known to hold, on one Whit Saturday night, 1,600 people. The bar is a huge near-ellipse. As you come in you find a shrine of 'Traditional Jazz', with an immensely vigorous band. Here the landlady, Queenie Watts, throws her Hobsons [*Hobson's choice = voice*] so hard that on a clear night you could hear it in Canning Town. Follow the bar right round and you come to an ancient piano where the older generation disport themselves. To move from one to the other is bewildering. At this end of the bar you see Cockneys in their sixties and seventies observing their traditions. The other night an elderly couple were making their first public appearance after a bereavement. Both wore deep black; he wore a black cap. A space was cleared for them round the bar. They drank one Guinness each. Nobody spoke.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Wednesbury Council has refused to pay a dustman for the day he did not go on the corporation workmen's trip to Blackpool. As a result, Mr Frederick Talbot, the dustman, will lose nearly £2 for the week in question.

Explaining this decision, Coun. E. Brunskill, chairman of the Estates Committee, said the workmen were paid for the day if they went on the trip. 'It counts as a day's work,' he said. – *Birmingham Post*. (P. Rogers.)

Tight-rope walkers Roger and Berty Decugis, who wanted their five-month-old daughter Christine christened on a high wire slung 400 ft over Somerset's Cheddar Gorge, have had their idea turned down by the Bishop of Clifton, the Rt Rev Joseph Rudderham.

Now their daughter will be christened in church – and then will be taken across the wire on a motor-cycle. – *Daily Express*. (Michael Pearson.)

Major Robert Williams, second in command, says: 'There appears to be a prestige value in having a British Serviceman as a husband.

'There are two factors to consider: The British soldier makes a damn fine husband, and in view of the international situation, especially in Berlin, the Germans are tending to draw closer to us.' – *Sunday Express*. (Peter Thomson.)

The Truth about Kuwait

GEORGE WIGG MP

Britain now has 6,000 troops in Kuwait; and behind all the dramatic preparations and the statements in the press, there is a mystery. If Iraq had really intended to invade, it could have done so without any trouble. General Kassem would hardly have given us sufficient time to mobilise. The position of Mr Macmillan is even more puzzling. If he had wanted to warn Kassem that Britain would be instantly involved in the event of aggression, all he had to do was to fly out a battalion to Kuwait. That would have been enough. To send out 6,000 men is to do too much or too little. They are clearly more than a token of our interest. On the other hand the force has not got the right balance to repel an all-out attack.

The suspicion must therefore be that there is something else – something that Mr Macmillan has not yet told us. The obvious explanation is that Kassem may be about to nationalise the Iraqi oil fields and that the British had heard of this intention before the present crisis. It must be remembered that the government is not only facing an economic problem: it is in political difficulties. The one thing that Mr Macmillan could not afford at the moment is another Abadan. So Mr Macmillan may be indulging in his own little Suez. Even on that assumption, however, the policy of the government makes little sense. If anything is calculated to provoke Kassem into nationalising the oil fields, it is Britain's reckless intervention in Kuwait.

The most charitable explanation of the events which followed Kassem's original press conference would be that the Ruler of Kuwait was so scared by it that he felt obliged to call for British help.

What, then, did General Kassem actually say on 25 June? He certainly told his listeners that Kuwait was part of Iraq, but so had Nuri Said, who was an old friend of Mr Macmillan. Kassem told the story of how, in 1899, the British Resident in Bushire paid the Sheikh 15,000 rupees for Kuwait, then a tiny bit of the Ottoman Empire, without the knowledge of the Sultan in far-off Constantinople. Thus Iraq's claim rests on the alleged illegality of the original sale. The merits of the case have been argued time and time again; and it was certain that, when the Ruler proclaimed his independence on 19 June, Iraq would once again make the traditional demand that Kuwait was hers.

Of course, if General Kassem had used violent language, the Ruler and the British would have become legitimately anxious. The General, however, was not in the least bellicose. Far from rattling the armour that Mr Macmillan had presented to Iraq in 1956, he talked, as Nuri used to do, not of war, but of water. 'Kuwait remains barren and dry,' he said. 'We have frequently sought to pipe sweet water to them, but imperialism prevented these sheikhs from allowing this, because imperialism wanted to sell them special machinery and equipment for the distillation of sea water . . . Kuwait . . . is now an indivisible part of the Iraqi Republic. The first project to which the Iraqi Republic will give priority consideration and which it will implement, is the extension of sweet water and the establishment of schools and hospitals.'

That is certainly temperate language. All the same it can be argued that Kassem's words may have caused anxiety. This is Mr Macmillan's case: 'On 29 and 30 June,' he has said, 'evidence accumulated from a number of sources that reinforcements, especially reinforcements of armour, were making towards Basra. In these circumstances, the Ruler felt it his duty to make a formal, urgent request for British assistance under the exchange of notes. This he did on the morning of 30 June . . . We had no option but to act as we did in the circumstances as they were on Friday [30 June].' Clearly then, that is the vital date; and any move, therefore, before that day must obviously reflect on Mr Macmillan's candour.

The facts, however, suggest that something was happening. HMS *Bulwark*, with 42 Royal Marine Commando, normally based on Singapore, was at Karachi, the nearest friendly port to Kuwait. Can this really have been by some lucky chance? The *Bulwark* sailed for Kuwait on Thursday 29 June. Nor was this the only happy accident. A squadron of the 3rd Carabiniers, with Centurion tanks, arrived in Kuwait on Saturday 1 July. Normally, this unit is stationed at Aden; and, as the Centurions are much too heavy to be lifted by air, they must have been taken by sea, presumably on the tank-landing ship, HMS *Striker*. It is certain that if the Centurions had been at their usual stations in Aden, they would have needed to move several days before the Friday if they were to arrive in Kuwait by 1 July. Luck, again? Accident? Or design. It is all very reminiscent of Suez.

The build-up of the Kuwait force was based (apart from the 3rd Carabiniers and 42 RM Commando) on troops being flown from the UK, Cyprus and Kenya. Most of these men were conveyed by Britannias and Comets into Bahrein, and from there they were ferried over to Kuwait. The British public is now being told – and apparently believes – that the marshalling and dispatch of the 6,000 troops involved not only proves the wisdom of the government's defence policy, but has enormously impressed the world. The truth is that the Kuwait operation was a certain success – but only so long as there was no opposition to it. In the event it has come off, but at the cost of demonstrating – and the Russians and the Americans know this even if the British public does not – the lamentable weaknesses of our inadequate forces.

First of all, the absence of a long-range air freighter has once more been emphasised. The troops lifted by the Britannias and the Comets were not essentially different from ordinary air travellers; their ability to fight on arrival, in other words, depended on essential equipment and stores being available. The long-range freight lift to Kuwait was carried out by Beverleys – an admirable aircraft for the high-payload, short-range task for which it was designed. When it is used to fly long distances, as in phases of the Kuwait operation, its payload falls off very sharply. In other words the weight-range ratio becomes the decisive factor in maintaining the operation until sea-borne stores arrive. The absence of an adequate long-range freighter is due entirely to the misconceived defence policy of Mr Duncan Sandys with its foolish emphasis on the independent British nuclear deterrent; and this gap in our defences will persist at least until 1964, when it is hoped that the Belfast freighter will become available.

Another striking weakness is the absence of a low-level ground-strike aircraft. Indeed, in order to mount the Kuwait expedition, the government had to switch from Germany two squadrons of Canberra B(1)8s, a make-shift low-altitude modification of the normal Canberra, having a very doubtful performance in the climatic conditions of the Persian Gulf. The Canberras are supported by two squadrons of Hunters, a structurally strong aircraft which should do well in the conditions of Kuwait. Neither Canberras nor Hunters, however, are ideal for the task assigned to them. Unfortunately, we have nothing else. Moreover the RAF has no aircraft on the stocks that will meet this particular need in the immediate future. Another obvious shortage is of helicopters and light aircraft. Britain is ten years behind the leaders in helicopter development, assuming that it is even in the race at all. The RAF urgently needs a heavy helicopter which will carry a worthwhile load. It also needs a replacement for the Pioneer as a short-range troop-carrier.

If there is one military lesson to be learned from the Kuwait operation, it is that, as in Cuba, the possession of atomic weapons is irrelevant. What Britain needs, in other words, is a defence policy based on adequate conventional forces with adequate modern equipment designed for conventional purposes.

Even more depressing, however, than this tale of military inadequacy is the fact that, although the government has floundered and blundered, neither the policy nor its implementation has been debated or seriously questioned in the House of Commons. Kassem spoke with some truth when he told the British and American correspondents the other day: 'I don't mean to say anything against the British people. They are charming, but they know only what their government says or what you pressmen tell them.'

Cut-Slice and Hot Shower

GERDA L. COHEN

Where the Cheviots abdicate to lion-yellow scrub, and cattle like lumps of coal lumber slowly over the fells, you meet no traffic, except, on occasion, a school taxi. Gathering children from some misty lane, a hired Ford pelts downhill in time for morning prayer. '. . . Hallowed be thy Name . . .' how true it rings from those village schools resembling an inferior kind of chapel, respectably plaqued 1870 or onwards, made of rough-hewn stone to withstand another pagan invasion of Northumbria.

Squire C. built one at Lilburn for his labourers' enlightenment: a single lofty room with ecclesiastical windows straight enough to prevent any child from peeping out. Gradually, the register dwindled from a hundred to a dozen. Life drained away, to the town. Miss M. saw it go; and now her work is going too. 'Ay, well, it's hard to give up me bairns.' Under her soft chirrup, the sad motherliness of a maiden lady. For 26 years she lived alone in the school-house lit by a gently hissing paraffin lamp. Her pupils, aged five to 15, came from solitary cottages on the fell. Even the gentry sent children to her instead of keeping an exorbitant tutor. 'Their daughter's going to private school when we shut at Easter'. The rest will join a two-teacher school now getting mains water and modern heating.

Staff difficulties hastened a country-wide

she can't have one without the other

Most people want the comfort of modern amenities—but few like the towers that bring the power to work them. What's the answer? Return to lamplight, peat fires and the washing tub? Bury the power lines and do away with the towers altogether? Attractive idea—just possible too, but at 17 times the cost—with its inevitable effect on your electricity bill. For the foreseeable future, transmission towers must stay. But they cannot be planted just anywhere. An Act of Parliament charges the Central Electricity Generating Board with a double duty: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible. Power lines are planned with forethought—by men who are as anxious as you are to keep this land green, pleasant . . . and up-to-date.

CEGB who make and supply electricity to 12 Area Electricity Boards in England and Wales (which re-sell to consumers) and British Railways.

Write for a copy of "Preserving Amenities" to The Central Electricity Generating Board, Winsley Street, London, W.1.

decision to abolish the one-teacher school. Although the Minister must sanction each closure in person, no less than 315 applications have gone through, and only five been rejected. In Devon alone, 116 schools have shut since 1945. Northumberland has now been given the go-ahead to eliminate 21.

So eager are the authorities to prove the virtue of centralisation, they tend to regard any objector as a reactionary yokel. 'We've had trouble from a few farmers', conceded one amiable inspector in a tone of contempt very foreign to him, 'they make out labourers won't take a job unless there's a school nearby. Pure rubbish! Nowadays farm people expect a decent education for their children, even if that means travelling. And don't forget, we pay for journeys over three miles'. A rural county of Devon's area can spend up to £300,000 a year on transport.

Deep down, you will be told, people are not particularly upset by their school closing; they mind losing the schoolmaster. 'He played the organ a treat', mourned Mrs Nixon, shaking her grey frizz at the flooded pasture. 'He were a good bat an' all', agreed Mr Nixon, his eye dourly fixed on a flutter of gulls stealing turnip from the sheep. 'You an't got no eleven anyway', retorted his wife, 'the lads all run off on them dev'lish motor bikes'. In Northumbria, the biggest landowners proved amenable to change (though one noble lord, human as the rest of us, did do battle to retain a master on his estate.) The Duke himself takes a liberal view of education. His tremendous draughty castle at Alnwick accommodates, in part, a training college, whose mammoth boiler also warms the ducal quarters. No one could accuse him of 'neo-feudalism', a favourite charge levelled against the jog-along farmer by officials driven to producing more staff: and what easier expedient than merging schools?

Carried to extreme, the policy of merging can create unmanageable classes. 'We took in eight extra children last term' – the headmaster at Broomhaugh gave a stoic glance at the crowded desks. But despite the innumerable difficulties, his school exemplifies what can be done with a monument of Victorian condescension to the rural poor. A few years back, the seniors would have stayed in their outgrown desks, waiting for their 15th birthday. Now, a few may even make the Grammar school, while most will travel to a new Secondary Modern in the nearest town.

Yet even this belated revolution found its enemies. A manufacturer of cattle-cake cast his rock at further education for country bumpkins: 'It's a sheer waste of money; the kids round here want to get cracking, not sit on their tails and do algebra.' The same sentiment, in suaver language, from a landowner (heaven forfend he might be prompted by shortage of farmhands): 'I approve in principle, of course. But lads of this type really can't benefit from more schooling'.

Over 100,000 teenagers still go to the undifferentiated school without amenity for secondary courses. There were over 300,000 in this class a decade ago, and they're steadily decreasing. What's important, the 1958 Building Plan has sown a crop of Secondary Moderns for village children. Architecturally they tend to slide into a featureless factory shape rather than adapt regional forms. Some don't, happily. The one at Allendale, on south Tyne, looked authentic as a crusty loaf. It had a tiled roof to match the village, and a decent minimum of glass. The children even wear school uniform. 'Good as the Grammar boys,' chuckled Mr Batey, a stout, lop-sided twinkly chap whom you'd expect to find raising beef, not marking exams. He wasn't too fond of the colour scheme but he puffed deeply with content at their crowning innovation: the Hot Shower. 'Half our pupils don't have a bath at home, y'see. The girls were a bit shy at first. Now I can't keep 'em out of here. Oh they do love it!'

They arrive by bus, from nine villages threaded by the River Allen, lazing clear and pebble-bright under gentle trees. Down from the moor, wind-chapped and bristling, run the shepherds' children: on their feet, Dolcis boots instead of clogs carved by the postman. They carry sandwiches made of cut-slice instead of home-baked brown. Their socks are Marks and Spencer, not home knit, and they learn in a better school than the Squire did. None of them, naturally, have any intention of caring for sheep.

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B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Fifty Years of Tobacco

J. B. PRIESTLEY

I have just realised that I have been smoking a pipe for half a century. I grew up among pipe-smokers; my father was one and so were most of his friends. Fifty years ago in the north there were still some real tobacconists, who knew how much Latakia and Perique to add to Virginia, who did not earn a living by hiring girls to push packets of cigarettes across the counter. In those days men offered their tobacco pouches to one another. Some of them in the north may still do it, but not for years and years have I given or received a fill. Perhaps I don't live right.

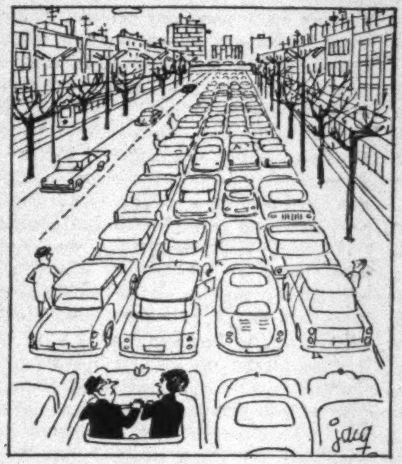
To this day you will find pipe tobacco improves as you move up the map. It is better in the north of England than it is in the south. In Scotland it is better still. The Scots like to boast, but it is strange they never mention the debt owed to them by the world's pipe-smokers. There is some good tobacco in Ireland too. On the Continent, especially in the northern half, there has been some improvement since the war; but most of it, now got up to look British, is still very poor stuff. Most American pipe tobacco is too sweet, as if meant for eating not smoking. I remember that George Doran, the publisher, used to smoke a Los Angeles mixture that had a chocolate flavour. If any pipe-smoking reader is planning to stay in America, he should make a note of a mixture, medium and broad-cut, that comes from St Louis and is called Hayward Mixture. I have carried yellow pound tins of it into almost every state of the Union. Sometimes when I wondered if I was going out of my mind, a few pipes of it have restored my sanity.

When I started smoking a pipe, 50 years ago, I bought Cut Cavendish from Salmon and Gluckstein at 3½d. an ounce. It was very strong, and there were times when, after puffing furiously as youngsters nearly always do, I felt queasy and my surroundings began to shift about and dissolve. Since that hard beginning, I have been able to smoke anything, though not of course always with enjoyment. But I would rather have bad tobacco than no tobacco. In Egypt, earlier this year, I was compelled to smoke some of their local muck, wondering as I coughed and cursed why the United Arab Republic, which you are never allowed to forget for a moment, did not make sure that Syrian tobacco reached Egypt. Probably President Nasser does not smoke a pipe.

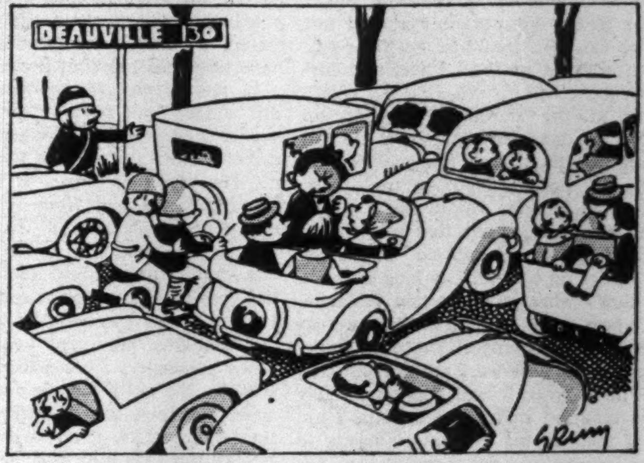
Those people now ready to write and tell me I am a slave to a dirty habit need not waste time, paper and stamps. I admit I have been long enslaved by tobacco. But all men are enslaved by something, and there are worse masters than the weed. By encouraging me to reflect, at the same time freeing me from spiritual pride, it has kept me from more dangerous forms of slavery. Nor have I ever been able to see that smoking is a particularly dirty habit. It is absurd of course, this continual puffing out of smoke, but no dirtier than most of our habits. You have only to be sufficiently fastidious, and life itself is one huge dirty habit. Purity is reached only in the crematorium.

We are told, usually by people who dislike tobacco, that smoking injures the health. That may be so, though it is worth pointing out that the contributions to a world civilisation of men careless of their health far exceed those of the health-seekers. (*Fit for what?* still seems to me the best joke *Punch* ever achieved.) There may be something in this lung cancer idea. Yet when I was young, and good tobacco was far less than a tenth of the price it is now, I was surrounded by heavy smokers, but nobody seemed to be suffering from lung cancer.

I suspect a good deal of disguised puritanism among medical men, especially in America. They denounce various forms of

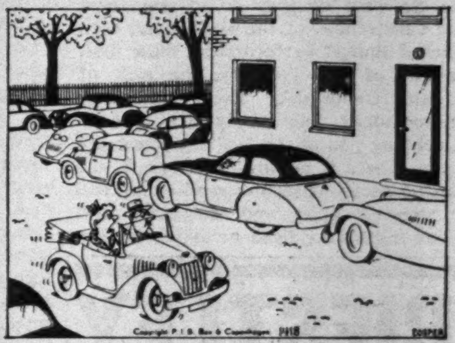


'I can only see one answer: do your business at home and live at the office'
(ROUTES ET CIRCULATIONS, BELGIUM)

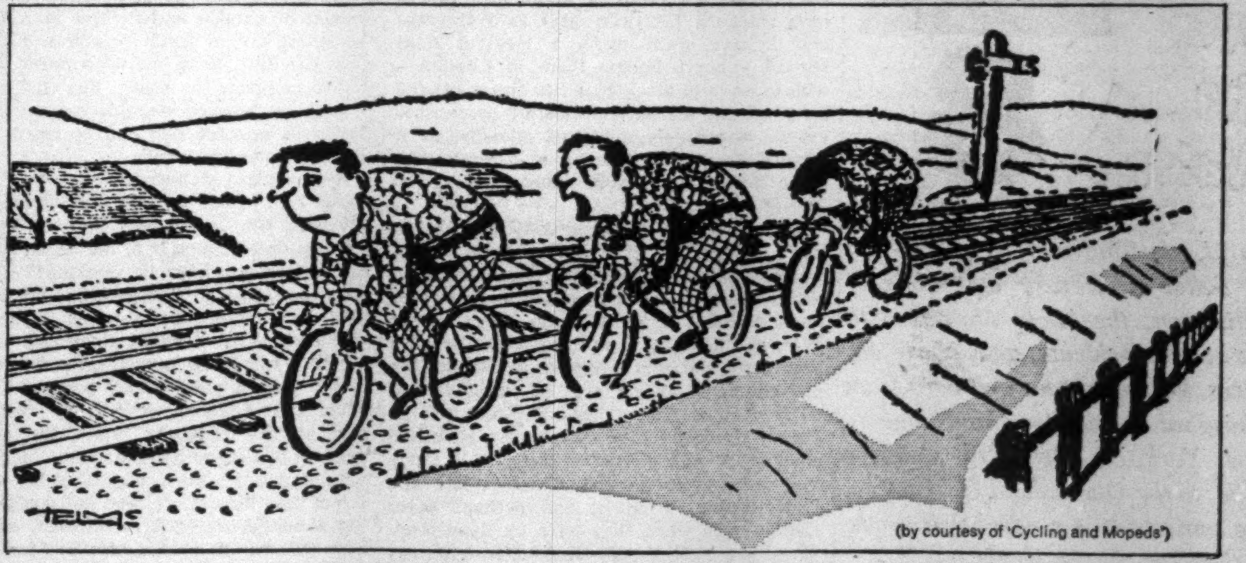


'... and if you tell me again that we should have gone by train, I'll kill you!...' (LA PRESSE, FRANCE)

go by train
and don't give
a hoot



'Why can't you find a parking place when everyone else seems to do it?'
(NEUE BERNER ZEITUNG, SWITZERLAND)



(by courtesy of 'Cycling and Mopeds')

'Do we always have to travel by the shortest route?'

enjoyment but never suggest that the whole modern way of life is idiotic. A man who sits with ten telephones in Wall Street, desperately trying to outwit his competitors, might be healthier if he did not smoke, did not drink, ate no fats. He would be healthier still if he got to hell out of Wall Street and forgot the rat race.

But look at the money we waste on tobacco. No, madam, in Britain we are not spending all that money on tobacco, but on taxes. If we all stopped smoking tomorrow, several hundred million would have to be found elsewhere, for rockets that must never be fired and other imbecilities. The ever-increasing duties on tobacco, making its price about 12 times what it was when I started smoking, show our Establishment at its worst – uncreative, lacking all ingenuity, lazy-minded, mean and callous. I am not thinking of myself now, when I call this completely inequitable taxation mean and callous. I am thinking of men of my generation trying to keep going among the never-had-it-so-goods on wretched tiny pensions.

You are 70 and have always enjoyed a smoke. Now, no longer active and with a lot of time on your hands, you enjoy a smoke more than ever. To ponder and remember over a pipe is probably now your greatest pleasure. So what do they do to you, these smirking Chancellors of the Exchequer, with their annual Budget performance, these first-class minds of the Treasury, the pick of Oxford and Cambridge? Every time they need more money, they empty your tobacco pouch, robbing you of the last enjoyment life offers you. There is no fire in the grate, the cupboard is nearly bare; the road at the end of the street is noisy and dangerous with cars; your friends are dead or dying; so they screw another sixpence out of you, before you are carted away to rot in an over-crowded under-staffed hospital; and if you haven't the sixpence then you suck an empty pipe while you read, in the paper you borrowed, all about the tax-free millions that have been made out of property deals.

PRIESTLEY

Saturn Over the Water 8

"Vivid, fast-moving, crisp as an air ticket to a rare and unlikely destination, the book vibrates with characters, incidents, and, above all, places, hurling reader and hero from a hospital bedside in Cambridge to New York, to Peru, to southern Chile, to the Queensland Outback... The sum result is a novel that reads, as they say, like a bomb . . ."

JOHN RAYMOND, SUNDAY TIMES 18/-

HEINEMANN

In restaurants all pipe-smoking is sharply discouraged, not because of the food, cigar smoke being even stronger, but probably because there is no profit to be made out of it. (The profit on cigars is fierce.) It is the banning of the pipe from aeroplanes – and I bet the British started that – which has brought me hours of misery. Only on the old Stratocruisers could one go below to the little bar and light a pipe, and more than once I have bumped across the Atlantic, reading and smoking the night away while all the other passengers were asleep. On one flight, without the little bar below, I was able to smoke my pipe all the way to Montreal, but that was because I had deliberately chosen a Friday the 13th and had the plane almost to myself. This does not mean I am not superstitious. I was born on a 13th and so feel free of its sinister influences.

Pipes of course can smell foully, though the worst of them are probably more easily endured than the reek of the last inch or so of soggy cigars. To my mind the gravest offender is that favourite of all authorities – the cigarette. It is not the tobacco but the paper that is so offensive. A room crowded with cigarette smokers is like a papermill on fire. Again, it is not the cigarette that is being smoked that afflicts eyes, nose and throat, but the cigarette smouldering in the hand or on the ashtray, the Virginian joss stick. The behaviour of cigarette smokers has always puzzled me. Why, for example, do they want to light up ten seconds before a meal, then puff again between meat and pudding? Many of them, I feel, do not consciously enjoy smoking, as I most genuinely do, but wish to avoid the pain of not smoking. I do not include them among the friends of tobacco.

Cigars can be things of beauty, works of art, but on this level they are harder and harder to find, evil entropy being at work here as elsewhere. (This is called by my friends Iris and John Bayley 'Jack's Law'.) On a much lower level I would now just as soon smoke a Jamaican cigar as a Havana; and I have spent many a pleasant hour abroad – never finding them in London – with those large black Brazilian cigars, banded a threatening scarlet and emerald green, that are so surprisingly mild and friendly, as if some flashing-eyed Carmen in a gipsy cave came across, took your hand, and talked quietly and sensibly.

A cigar rounds off a substantial meal, but when, being short of pipe tobacco in distant places, I have found myself compelled to smoke them all day, I have soon got tired of them. Perhaps if Sir Winston, round about 1944, had taken to a pipe, we might have all been living today in a happier world. But the pipe-smoker's appearance of solidity and wisdom is of course illusory. Some of the biggest chumps I have ever known have had pipes stuck in their faces. Even so, I fancy they were great re-lighters and puffers and knockers-out of dottle, and perhaps never filled a pipe when they were by themselves. There is a kind of pipe-smoking that belongs to actors on the stage and clergymen having a jolly good yarn with the chaps.

It is just possible that a few readers may decide either to try smoking a pipe for the first time or, what is more likely, to have yet one more shot at it. To them, after this half-century, I venture to offer some advice. Many men have defeated themselves as pipe-smokers. They start the wrong way. They buy a small light pipe and probably fill it with some rubbed-out yellow flake, at which they puff away. In a few minutes they have a furnace in their hands and too much saliva in their mouths; there is no fragrance, no flavour; the pipe, almost too hot to hold, begins to gurgle disgustingly; so they decide pipe-smoking is not for them – 'Tried but can't manage it, old boy – wet smoker'. I would be one as well with that equipment.

To begin with, do not buy one pipe but at least three. If you cannot afford pipes by well-known makers, do not buy cheap imitations but search the tobacconists' for throw-outs. Some of the best pipes I have ever had I have picked out of the baskets of throw-outs. Here I must add, after my 50 years, that just as you choose a pipe, so a pipe chooses you. I have had as presents magnificent pipes, cut from the finest straight-grain brier, that never gave me ten minutes satisfactory smoking. Either they were not right for me or I was not right for them. There is something like a personal relation here. And until you are used to smoking a pipe, avoid small thin light pipes: they get hot too quickly. You will be happier at first with fairly large pipes, even if they seem too heavy. And do not scrape out all the carbon, for it keeps the pipe cool.

But why three pipes? Because you must never refill a warm pipe: it is precisely this that has left us pipe-smokers in bad odour. I have watched with horror men smoking the same pipe hour after hour, smelling like gardeners' bonfires. Always I carry three pipes in my pocket. On my desk there may be a dozen or more. I buy and use a great many pipe cleaners. On the other hand, I remove from all pipes any aluminium tubes or similar devices. I have been sent pipes that had most ingenious arrangements for collecting nicotine, but they always seemed to me to taste nasty. The pipe, I suspect, is an enemy of gadgetry.

Now for the tobacco. Do not make a start with light Virginia leaf or mild mixtures. They can easily be hot and tongue-burning. Try a darker flake or a mixture with a fair amount of Latakia and Perique in it. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness. Fill your pipes carefully, using the third finger not the first to complete the filling. The trick then is to keep the tobacco smouldering, smoking as slowly as possible, for the hotter it is the worse it tastes and smells.

A cool clean well-packed pipe that is just being kept alight pleases the smoker and any body who comes near him. All over the world people have said to me 'What wonderful tobacco you must be smoking!' – I have even gone through Customs (but not in England) on fragrance alone – when in fact there was nothing remarkable about the tobacco itself: it was being treated properly.

If I were a youth today perhaps I would never start smoking, if only to thumb my nose at these appalling prices. But after 50 years of it, I regret nothing. Man, the creature who knows he must die, who has dreams larger than his destiny, who is for ever working a confidence trick on himself, needs an ally. (Woman I include here in Man.) Mine has been tobacco. Even with it I have too often been impatient and intolerant. Without it I should have been insufferable. You may retort that I am insufferable anyhow, but, with a pipe nicely going, I do not believe you.

Correspondence

POWER IN THE PARTIES

SIR, – Does one detect some slight falling off in Mr Crossman's dialectical skill?

He opened last week in his best *bravura* style. The events since Scarborough lead him to offer a thesis about the distribution of power within the party which contains this startling phrase: 'the extra-parliamentary party . . . [has] the final authority on policy issues'. This is a splendid Crossman opening in his best 'black-is-white' style; and one had every right to expect that it would be followed by an exciting display of intellectual pyrotechnics.

But how does he square this thesis with the events since Scarborough? Only with the lame remark that after the parliamentary party had rejected the Scarborough decision it proceeded to prepare a new statement of its own defence policy '*with which to persuade the conference to have second thoughts*' (my italics). If the conference does have 'second thoughts' it can presumably pride itself on its role as the 'final authority on policy issues'. But what if, unexpectedly, it did not and re-adopted unilateralism? Will Mr Crossman now say what the position then would be? Would Mr Gaitskell and his front-bench colleagues be forced to adopt unilateralism or would they be required to turn over the leadership of the parliamentary party to those who would accept the 'final authority' of conference decisions?

Mr Crossman, one suspects, is rather unhappy about the fact that the whole myth of the authority of conference is being exploded and that he played so equivocal a role in the whole proceedings. He neither stood with those in Victory for Socialism who fought for the principle of the authority of conference, nor, as a multilateralist, did he join in the fight to get conference to reverse itself and fall into line with the parliamentary party.

Let me remind him of what, in fact, has happened. On the day *before* the defence debate at Scarborough the conference adopted a resolution declaring that 'Labour policy is decided by the party conference which is the final authority', while 'day-to-day tactics' are the job of the parliamentary party. The mover of the resolution, John Stonehouse, stated flatly that his aim was to prevent the party leaders from 'defying the will of annual conference'. The next day Hugh Gaitskell made it clear that this was exactly his intention and he called on his parliamentary colleagues to join him.

In November at the parliamentary party election Harold Wilson led the unsuccessful attempt to unseat Gaitskell, the first such formal revolt in the history of the party (would it be fair to assume that Mr. Crossman supported this move?). Thereafter the parliamentary party and NEC re-stated their defence policy, rejecting alternatives offered by both Mr Cousins and Mr Crossman. The latter denounced the rejection of his own 'compromise' as a tragic blunder of the leadership.

Subsequently, after a little hard work by the multilateralists, enough unions have been won round to reverse the Scarborough decision. There is no more ground for claiming this is a victory for the rank and file than was last year's decision, since 90-95 per cent of Labour's six million members play no part whatever in the decision-making process. All of which makes it very strange that Mr Crossman should believe that the tiny group of political activists outside parliament should have final authority on policy issues over a parliamentary party representing 12 million voters.

With your second correspondent of last week, Mr Pelling, I have no disagreement in principle, although we might argue about such remote questions as to the precise role of the National Council of Labour in the Thirties. I concluded the section of *British Political Parties* dealing with the role of the trade unions (p.506) with

—EXTRACT FROM THE TRANSCRIPT OF 'APPOINTMENT WITH . . .' IN WHICH MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE TALKED TO CYRIL CONNOLLY ON ITV ON JUNE 30

artist, and if there is such a thing, exists irrespective of society.

CONNOLLY: He should, certainly, but it's very hard to exist irrespective of society.

MUGGERIDGE: D'you think that economic stringency, such as a writer, a serious writer, is likely to run into, is a bad impediment on his writing?

CONNOLLY: Well, I think a great writer shouldn't mind starving, I mean clearly if you have absolutely got a vocation to say something, or you've got a book in you which must be written, nothing else matters, I mean I don't know if you've heard of Palissey, have you ever, the French potter of the time of the Renaissance—

MUGGERIDGE: No, I haven't.

CONNOLLY: He was determined to make pottery, and he couldn't get his furnace hot enough, and finally he put the whole of his furniture in, including his, all his wife's furniture, including the cradle of his children and things, they were all thrown in to keep this furnace—

MUGGERIDGE: But not his wife!

CONNOLLY: Not his wife, no. And it just made the thing hot enough to make his first pot as he was arrested as a lunatic by the village whom his wife had called in. Well, I think a—any writer or any kind of, I won't say artist—painter, shall we say, sculptor, etc., musician—who really has to say something, is prepared to starve, it's, starving, meaning having very little to eat, is not the worst thing. But modern poverty, and that is what a writer would have to face, as well as starving, is very unpleasant, I mean, I think in the world we live in poverty has become much more unpleasant than it was, because . . .

MUGGERIDGE: It's ironical . . .

CONNOLLY: —there's a social feeling of lack of status and gloom, you know, about it all.

MUGGERIDGE: I see exactly what you mean. Of course, it's an ironical fact because we, our society boasts that it's abolished poverty, but your point is that, in fact, it makes poverty more unendurable than it was before.

CONNOLLY: Yes, less poor, but more drab and, er, I may be wrong, I mean you see the very poor French painters, like the Impressionists, could always buy a beefsteak and roast it, that was cheap, but what they couldn't buy was running water in the bathroom or something, but they got the basic necessities very cheap, and we, I think, have got a sort of squalor about poverty, in spite of its relatively high income of the . . .

MUGGERIDGE: So that it's really a worse impediment to the exercise of creative fallities—that's another horrible word, 'creative', I'm sorry.

CONNOLLY: Well, it can get you down, I think, because you have to live in very unlovely surroundings, and again Dante probably didn't care whether he looked out on a block of slums or not, but many writers do, I think, and I sympathise very much with sort of John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" world where the general squalor of the surrounding is an excuse for them not being able to write.

MUGGERIDGE: But an invalid excuse—ultimately.

CONNOLLY: Well, if he was a real genius he wouldn't mind, but, you know, you can kill genius as much as you can kill talent, its not . . .

MUGGERIDGE: What is a genius?

CONNOLLY: A genius is somebody who has the gift we call talent, for writers, raised to the point at which it's instinctive and natural and seems to obey no rules although the rules are really the same as those for talent but the thing runs through so fast that they're invisible, d'you see.

MUGGERIDGE: I see. And would you say . . .

CONNOLLY: Inspiration is talent raised to the point at which it simply incandesces, fuses into something without you being conscious of the heat applied to it.

MUGGERIDGE: I see exactly what you mean. Do you think that there have been any geniuses in our time, in that sense?

CONNOLLY: Oh yes, I think so, it's very hard with contemporaries to say what is a genius and what is a person who has taken such immense trouble over their talent that they have raised it almost to the point of genius, but I would say Picasso is a genius whom everybody will admit, Stravinsky another, I think Auden another.

MUGGERIDGE: You would rate . . . , you would put as a genius . . .

CONNOLLY: Auden yes, he's just that much different from a person of talent, even if you don't like what he writes, it's done in this fantastic way, you can't see how he's done it, you know, and Dylan Thomas another, Elliot of course, Edith Sitwell I would say certainly, but I don't hand it out to many more people than that.

MUGGERIDGE: Of course, those judgments, as we know from the past, are liable to be wrong, aren't they ?

CONNOLLY: I don't think my judgment is wrong, no, I don't care about the past, I'm sure I'm right.

MUGGERIDGE: I wasn't saying your judgment,

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these words: '. . . the parliamentary leaders have little to fear from the party conference so long as they retain the confidence (and the block-vote support) of the traditionally moderate and conservative leadership of the majority of the big trade unions. Indeed it is this bond of mutual confidence between the parliamentary and trade union leadership of the Labour movement which is an essential key to the understanding of the functioning of the Labour Party'. If Mr Pelling will consult his recently published (and very valuable) *Short History of the Labour Party* at page 125, he will find that his own conclusions are almost identical.

ROBERT MCKENZIE

London School of Economics
WC2

SIR, – I am glad to learn that Mr R. T. McKenzie is revising his book *British Political Parties*, and hope that in doing so he will make good what seems to me to be an important omission from the present text.

He quotes the Attlee-Churchill correspondence of 1945 as providing 'a further illustration of the development of Attlee's conception of his role as Leader'. But unfortunately he is highly selective in quoting from this source, dealing only with Attlee's comments on the powers of the National Executive Committee. It happens that these comments support – or at least appear to support – the main thesis of Mr. McKenzie's book.

There was, however, a later phase of this correspondence, in which Attlee dealt with the much more important question of the relations between the party conference and the Parliamentary Labour Party. Attlee roundly asserted the ultimate authority of Conference – 'within the programme adopted by the annual party conference, the Parliamentary Labour Party has complete discretion in its conduct of parliamentary business'.

May we have this in the revised edition – and may we hear from Mr McKenzie how and why it came to be omitted from the present edition?

PHILIP HOPKINS

Department of Extra-Mural Studies
University of Bristol

THE FIVE PER CENT SCHEME

SIR, – In your comment on Kuwait in your issue of 7 July, you say that Britain should 'publicly urge the Ruler . . . to fulfil his promise to use his oil-wealth for the benefit of the Arab peoples as a whole'.

He would not need a great deal of urging, for he has already expressed his enthusiastic support for the 'five per cent scheme' which I have advocated for some time past. Under this, the annual profits from oil would be made available to the Arab states by the oil-producing states and the oil companies in the form of long-term loans for approved development projects. This scheme, I may add, is also backed by all members of the Arab League save Saudi Arabia, which has so far rejected it outright, and Iraq, which remains non-committal. The government of my own country, Lebanon, has adopted it as an official measure of policy, and it is on the agenda for the next meeting of the League's Economic Council.

I have found it most heartening, during my present visit to London, to find how widely it has become accepted in principle that there should be a wider distribution of oil profits for the common benefit of the Arab peoples. Within a week of my arrival here, Mr Gaitskell recommended such a step in a Commons debate, and now you have done the same thing in your influential columns. I am greatly encouraged.

EMILE BUSTANI

The Hyde Park Hotel
SW1

CHILD RAPE

SIR, – Clearly, copies of Dr Anthony Storr's article on Child Rape should be circulated to every Tory Women's Conference, for the sake of its humane analysis of the rapist's situation. But I am not sure, even so, that his conclusions necessarily follow from his premisses. In his view 'we should study the child rapist and the conditions which produced him' as the only means of reducing such crimes. I suggest that such a course of action may be expected to have two consequences: that of demonstrating that the background conditions are too general or too personal to admit of improvement by administrative action, and that of increasing the incidence of such crimes by giving potential rapists the awareness that they will not be heavily punished for their acts.

This is not to say, of course, that there should not be greatly improved and better publicised facilities whereby the potential rapist can be made to realise the true state of affairs and persuaded to seek treatment before any harm is done. But it seems to me that where one course can only be pursued at the cost of another, it is the child rather than the rapist who should be our first concern.

COLIN PEPWORTH

Brasenose College
Oxford

CASTRO'S CUBA

SIR, – Your contributor Charon wonders about the divergence between Draper's analysis of the Cuban revolution and the reports of many journalists. I suggest that this divergence is explained less by Draper's American nationality than by a combination of some characteristics which may be absent in the case of others: He is in no sense a 'fellow-traveller' but a former Communist of long standing, who knows much about the Communist movement from the inside; he reads and speaks Spanish; his knowledge of Cuba is not limited to rather short impressions – indeed, he has been studying the problems of this country for some time and has some knowledge of Cuba before Castro.

An attentive reading of the reports you published by K. S. Karol shows how far Cuba has already advanced towards the eastern brand of 'Socialism'. Outspoken declarations in this sense have been made by Chomón, Guevara and Castro himself. In the last issue of the *New Left Review* the Castro-enthusiast Saul Landau admits that the Cuban intellectuals have 'succumbed' now to the official Communists.

True, Cuban totalitarianism is not yet complete. But one should not exaggerate its 'libertarian' features in view of the huge number of refugees (according to the statistics published by the 'International Rescue Committee' in New York, 31 per cent of them are workers and 30 per cent employees), the 20,000 or more political prisoners and the 100,000 to 150,000 Cubans who, according to reliable estimates, had been arrested as 'suspects' during the days of the invasion.

Support Castro still enjoys is based on confiscations, redistribution and economic measures which were extremely costly and will not be maintained much longer. To this you have to add the help from the 'East', which will not be limitless. The Cuban government no longer publishes official economic statistics – in part because it has not got them. But official warnings of harder times ahead have, lately, been quite numerous and I would suggest that Charon reads the dis-

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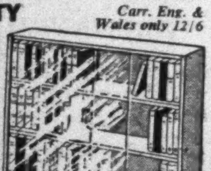

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passionate reports published by the Economist Intelligence Unit (especially Nos. 33 and 34, 1961).

BORIS GOLDENBERG

309 Nelson House
London SW1

EDUCATION IN LONDON

SIR, – Margaret Cole's basic premise is right beyond question: London's schoolchildren must not be sacrificed to the hoary myth of parish-pump government. But she obscures her argument by two red herrings and a wildly wrong-headed conclusion.

She says they rough-hewed 'the most important of all local authority functions' to fit a plan for roads. But this is precisely what they did not do. For roads and for planning they rightly recognised that London is a unity; that borough boundaries, whatever the size of the units they enclose, are an anachronism in a mobile metropolis. But for education they failed to recognise the same principle.

She implies that the LCC administration (population: 3,195,000) is flexible enough to attend to the problems of individuals and areas, but that a GLCC administration (population: 8,410,000) would not be. Wherein lies the difference? Why should not the GLCC administration be equally flexible, providing it is imbued with the LCC spirit?

She concludes that things should be left as they are. This amazing conclusion is only possible if one starts from the implied premise that the children of the Home Counties and of the County Boroughs are the children of *Uitlanders* who have no right to anything better than they have at present. This principle, extended to all aspects of administration, underlay the whole of the LCC's evidence to the Royal Commission. It is time it is dropped.

P. G. HALL

Birkbeck College
University of London

MR ALSOP'S TEST

SIR, – Charon takes Joseph Alsop's reference to 'better brighter weapons of the future' too literally. The passage complained of is surely ironical. What worries me is the abruptness with which Mr Alsop changes his mind without noticing it. In *The Guardian* on 19 June he said that the USSR might be trying to torpedo the test-ban talks because she wanted to resume nuclear testing. 'Few believe they have made the enormous effort to dig the gigantic underground holes required for semi-concealment of tests of warheads in the megaton ranges.' By 3 July, however, he had evidently become one of those who did believe just this. 'If,' he said, 'the Soviets have just gone to the bother and expense of digging big holes, they may already have tested greatly improved warheads at close to full power, and still without detection by us.'

GEOFFREY CARNALL

53 Chesterton Road
Cambridge

HEMINGWAY, THE MAN

SIR, – I feel that the obituaries of Ernest Hemingway have not paid enough attention to his personal qualities and character. For various reasons he has never been a popular or well-known figure in our country, although of course many of his works have become household words. He himself preferred on his travels the Latin countries of Europe, particularly Spain, where he could bask in the sun, enjoy the dust of the bull-ring and spend his leisure hours in his little bistros and other haunts with his Bohemian friends. London could not provide him with these amenities. In Cuba he was at his happiest in his old motor boat deep sea fishing. I often accompanied him and admired his skill and strength in locating and landing marlin and other huge fish a few miles off the coast.

As British Ambassador in Cuba for five years, I got to know him and his attractive wife so well. To some he might have been abrupt and difficult to approach, but at heart he was a lovable and kind person with immense charm and simplicity, always ready to open his door to the less fortunate, whether man or beast. It is quite untrue that he bore any ill-feeling towards our country. On the contrary, when I invited him to our embassy Coronation party, he at once accepted with these remarks: 'I adore your Queen and have the greatest affection for your great soldiers, sailors and airmen and would like to make a modest contribution to your reception by firing a royal salute and staging a firework display.' He was as good as his word; and, with a retinue of exiled Spanish priests and sea-salts, he brought his two small saluting guns and all the available rockets and Chinese crackers to be found in Havana. It was a wild, noisy scene and must have come as a shock to the members of the Cuban Cabinet attending the reception – with their memories of past revolutions.

When in New York several weeks ago, I spoke to him by telephone in Idaho; but his voice was weak and frail, and I felt that the end might be near. His was certainly a character that can never be replaced. I am sure that it would give him such pleasure now to be remembered for his personal qualities by the British press, which for one reason or another may have misunderstood him. At least he thought it did.

ADRIAN HOLMAN

Liphook
Hampshire

MATHEMATICS OF CRICKET

SIR, – In the NEW STATESMAN of 23 June I read with much pleasure an article by J. P. W. Mallalieu on the Lords and Commons Cricket XI. It contained, however, one sentence which I felt cast an unfair reflection on myself as a schoolmaster in that I was in some measure responsible for his early instruction in Maths. He writes: 'My batting average (2,66) would not justify my inclusion – though I should explain that this covers *only two innings*, in both of which I was run out by Tories'.

I remember J. P. W. M. as a somewhat unorthodox bat – but surely no degree of unorthodoxy would enable a batsman to score 5.32 runs in two innings. Clearly he scored 8 runs in 3 innings. What happened in this third innings? Was he run out by a fellow Labour member, and did loyalty forbid that he should put on record such a public exhibition of lack of unanimity in the party? Or was the match played on the Lords ground with its now notorious 'ridge' and did he meet a demon bowler? The latter possibility is suggested by the memory of seeing him concussed when playing scrum half in 1926.

J. K. BEST

Fray's Cottage
Budleigh Salterton

ABORIGINAL CO-OPERATIVES

SIR, – Reference has been made in your columns in the last two years to the native villages, organised as Christian Co-operative Societies, holding the land, producing, marketing and buying as a unit, which now flourish in North Papua and are developing in Australia. The Rev. Alf Clint, 'the inspired priest' as you described him, who is responsible for this development, is thus demonstrating a genuine alternative to the second-class citizenship of underpaid and casual native labour.

Your readers interested in this Socialist experiment may care to know that Alf Clint will describe and illustrate his work on 19 July at the Royal Foundation of St Katharine, Butcher Row, Ratcliffe, at 7 pm, under the auspices of the Christian Socialist Movement.

CHARLES RECORD

Beechenlea Lane
Swanley, Kent

'Just the thing for busy morons'

THIS remark was Miss Fenella Fielding's inspired verdict on "The Week", that splendid piece of news-gathering that goes on at the back of The Observer Weekend Review each Sunday. If you read your paper in the train, or at the breakfast-table, and your reading is habitually punctuated by either passing the marmalade or hunting for your season ticket, the news is apt to get unbalanced. Sometimes the papers themselves contribute to this confusion by not knowing what really matters. But come Sunday, The Observer settles the count perfectly in "The Week." The man who's responsible for panning the gold from the immense amount of dross that clutters up front pages during the week is Edward Crankshaw.

If ever there was a danger (and I think there is) of regarding the more literate Sunday newspapers as weekly magazines, I think Mr. Crankshaw goes a long way to putting this right. There, on a single page, the news of the week is brilliantly evaluated. It's not just useful in case you happen to have missed it when it was at its topical best. It's a good thing to train yourself to take a cool backward glance at recent events occasionally. Otherwise, like Pavlov's dogs, you tend to salivate furiously every time you hear the newsboy's voice.

Spotting the Aphorism . . .

I never was much of a sportsman, but there's one quiet little sport I can never resist: that of trying to decide, as the week sidles by, what will appear in the 'Sayings of the Week' section. It's a good game. Some people (Marilyn Monroe, Dr. Fisher, Gerald Nabarro, Queen Soraya, Frank Sinatra) have a genius for tossing off sayings of the week. Those winners are relatively easy to pick, if you study form carefully. Discerning a likely outsider before the 'off' is less easy. Were you onto the Minister of Agriculture the other day? "For once," he said, "one can mention pigs with a sense of sober satisfaction." It's snippets like this which add the final touch of spice to a page which I have always found to be already very well-seasoned.

I'm storing up one or two bets for next Sunday's Observer already. But I daresay, as usual, I shall be surprised. And what a good thing that is!

J.B.L.

A LOOK AT PUBLISHING

TOWARDS THE DUSTBOWL

The City Intervenes

WALTER ALLEN

Publishing, as we've all suddenly realised, is now big business. Yet all publishing is based ultimately on two people: the author who writes the book and the man who decides to invest money in it. This is the creative act in publishing; everything else depends upon it, and everything else is packaging and marketing. No matter how big publishing becomes as business, it will still rest on the judgment of a comparatively small number of individuals.

But how and why has publishing become big business? The development has not, in fact, been so sudden. The economics of publishing now make it impossible for any but a very rich man to start his own business without financial help from outside, and the City has been active in London publishing for a number of years. All the same, it is now plain that the business is becoming big in a way it wasn't even three years ago. Last November, we learned that Heinemann had narrowly missed being taken over by McGraw-Hill, the third largest American publishing house in terms of the number of books published in 1960. In March of this year, the late Howard Samuel (whose MacGibbon & Kee has just been acquired by Granada Television) attempted a take-over bid for Associated Book Publishers, proprietors of Methuen, Eyre & Spottiswoode, Chapman & Hall and Spon. At much the same time, Sir Allen Lane put on the market 450,000 of the 1,500,000 Penguin shares, the offer was over-subscribed 150 times, creating a record on the Stock Exchange, and Sir Allen became a millionaire overnight. More recently, Penguin Books themselves have bought a large minority interest in Associated Book Publishers.

Rather less spectacularly, while all this was going on, a leading American paperback publishing house, The New American Library, which puts out Mentor and Signet Books, took over two British paperback firms, Ace and Four Square, and very nearly acquired Pan and – last week – Panther.

These two developments – American attempts to gain control of British firms and take-over bids within this country – are related. 1960 was not only the year in which, according to Bennett Cerf, of the American firm of Random House, Wall Street and American publishing fell in love with each other; it was also a year of mergers between American publishing firms on a scale never known before. Two things lie behind these phenomena. One was the realisation that publishing, in Bennett Cerf's words, is 'virtually a depression-proof industry'. During economic depression people stay at home because they can't afford to go out, stay at home and read.

The other is the discovery that publishing is an industry capable of enormous expansion owing to the great increase in population, in opportunities for higher education, and in the spread of the English language throughout the world.

There are more than three million students in American universities and similar institutions today. In America it's here that the expanding market lies. The big selling lines are children's books, textbooks at all levels and paperbacks. Mr Cerf started Random House in 1925 by acquiring the 'Modern Library' series of classics. He tells us that the series, which now has 400 titles, together with children's books and the *American College Dictionary*, accounts for 80 per cent of his firm's business. In other words, the Random House general list of new novels, biographies, travel books and so on – it is a very good list – is financially of small account.

A similar pattern can be seen emerging in British publishing. Despite all the competition from other paperback series, both popular and highbrow, Penguin Books made a record profit last year – and would have done so even without *Lady Chatterley*. But neither for the British nor the American publisher does the possibility of expansion stop with his own national boundaries. English is a world language, and more and more people are learning it, particularly in the new countries of Asia and Africa, and there the demand is essentially for educational books in every sense, books which must be cheap.

The whole English-reading world is the market for the book in English. But whose book? Traditionally, British publishers take publication rights of the books they publish throughout the British Commonwealth, though not always in Canada. American publishers control rights in the United States, its dependencies and the Philippines. This division of interests is scrupulously observed. The rest of the world lies open to them both, in competition with each other.

The importance of the export market to British publishers is shown by the fact that 40 per cent of the books published here are sold abroad, the largest single markets being Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. This is why American publishers are now doing their damnedest to establish themselves in London. The situation was put completely frankly two months ago by Victor Weybright, chairman of The New American Library, speaking at the convention of the Canadian Booksellers Association:

> . . . In recent years some of us have invested in British affiliates, so that we can effectively exploit to the benefit of ourselves and our authors global rights in the English language. This is the vast revolutionary move which, in the long run, the inexpensive paperbound publishers have initiated. It means that, henceforth, we are in the international league represented by the great university presses, the magazines and newspapers with international circulation, and that we are increasingly reluctant to be constricted by antiquated trade nationalism.

Indeed, the present situation might, very crudely, be symbolised by the struggle which must take place between Penguin Books and The New American Library, whose founders, Kurt Enoch and Victor Weybright, were once, incidentally, Sir Allen Lane's associates in America. Mentor Books represent a level of seriousness in paperback publishing comparable to that of Pelicans. In the past, those that could legitimately be sold in this country have not had wide distribution. Now that The New International Library controls Ace and Four Square, that will change. And beyond the unrestricted entry to Commonwealth markets lies the rest of the world. Sir Allen Lane has recently said that he would like now to do for the huge education-hungry public of Africa what he has

Sir Stanley Unwin

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done for Britain. Victor Weybright is equally interested in doing for Africa what he and his colleagues have done for the United States.

The customers, whether Africans bent on self-improvement or Australians reading for pleasure, will not worry whether the books they are offered are American in origin or, if British, backed with American money. Nor will British authors suffer if the firms that publish them pass under American control; if it means greater efficiency in marketing they will benefit. Certainly American financial control does not mean that British authors will be displaced by Americans in world markets.

There seems to me no analogy at all between American publishers gaining control of British publishing houses and American newspaper interests taking over British newspapers. There is nothing, I suppose, assuming they feel the need and can afford to do it, to prevent British publishers from buying up publishing houses in New York. Apart from considerations of economic nationalism, the objection to American take-over bids for British publishing firms is exactly the same as the objection to all take-over bids.

What is in danger is the 'trade' book, the small-selling novel or biography, collection of verse or volume of literary criticism, which initially and perhaps for many years is unamenable to mass-marketing. Such books have always been financed out of the publisher's profits on his more lucrative lines, his best-sellers, his educational books or specialist books, his back-list. In the past they have appeared because good publishers have seen themselves not only as businessmen but as professional men with an obligation to literature. Of course they always hoped that the unpopular author they went on publishing because of his literary merit would one day show a profit; but they took risks and knew it. Sometimes the gamble came off; as with William Faulkner, almost 20 years after his initial publication, and as with Lawrence, long after he was dead. It is this kind of publishing, based on one man's judgment, one man's shock of recognition in the presence of the good, which is in danger. However large publishing units become, however highly organised, however international, room must still be found for men of this type to exercise their unfettered judgment.

Dear Charlie,

I was glad to hear of your marriage and your decision to quit newspaper work and come to England for a long visit. Your questions about publishing here are reasonable, and I will try to answer them.

As a business, it is mildly incompetent (an occupation for gentlemen), sloppy, bone lazy and less venal than American publishing. The money all around is worse, advertising and exploitation probably not less offensive, deadlines and general atmosphere easier. Considering the books-per-capita ratio, authors are paid excessively badly, a residue I am told (but am not convinced) of the 'amateur tradition'. You must prime yourself for the extraordinary expression of wounded deli-

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cacy which will slowly flare over your English publisher's face when you ask for a little more money. In the United States your man says yes or no, cusses you out after lunch to his secretary and leaves it at that. Here your request will be treated as a particularly rude piece of bad form. Persevere. They will not respect you for it (you may actually get some of what you ask for). But the compensations are several.

Anyone can get published. No blacklist atmosphere, few or no political pressures, a sturdy sense of (exportable) morality, a painfully surprising and then oddly soothing indifference to the writer as person. British publishers, almost completely out of touch with life, are constantly in danger of losing their feeling for books as more than commodities. But most reputable publishers are, so far, still hardback-orientated and will commission serious books without an unduly greedy eye to subsidiary and paperback rights. An alien writer such as yourself – by definition outside the communications system of accents. London-centredness and closed-circuit signalling that is still so desperately important to these gentle and urbane men (Women? In *British* publishing? Pardon me while I go round the corner for a beer and a short laugh) – is wholly, blessedly free to get on with his work.

As you may gather, I believe the great spirit of British publishing is not so much the product of conscious purpose as it is a reflection of the permissive mish-mash of the present social set-up here. The intellectual tepidness, ruined emotions and unappeasable appetite for self-flattery of the system are refracted through the public schools and a kind of high-church business elegance to give the characteristic quality of British publishing.

Since your publisher will probably have come from a public school, unless he has spent time in America or its equivalent, you will find bold, civilised conversation with him virtually impossible. For you, if not for him, his innocence can be a positive virtue. It leaves you safe to disregard any but the most technical literary advice. In return, it is incumbent upon you to control or disguise your astonishment at the prospect of men who control a flow of books dealing with life and death, tragedy and joy, and are themselves so clear-eyed of vice or virtue, so class-bound and uninformed about life as it is lived (especially in Britain) that they must depend upon you for their picture of the world. If you told them Halifax millwrights all had two left feet they would most likely believe you. Therefore, you have a stricter obligation to tell the truth because there is nobody in responsibility here who is capable of knowing whether you are or not. You must not patronise them with what you write.

Also, a minor point of *politesse*. Hold your tongue, pretend it did not happen, when you first stumble across the attitude of your publisher to the home-grown 'working-class' author. This has all the humour, and a little of the poignancy, of *A Passage To India* and must be seen to be believed. Anyway, as an American, this does not touch you, you are outside the area of social anxiety.

Having said which, it must also be said that standards, values and canons – traditional, occasionally prissy or aristocratic, snobbish. frequently stultifying, even death-giving, but serious rules of quality nonetheless – still matter to British publishers as a class, and possibly because of their class. This is not entirely or even mainly owing to publishers' efforts to maintain them and is at least partly the influence of a caste of literary critics who are not yet totally reduced to being writers of ad copy. Coming from the cultural situation you do, you will be grateful for this, but you must be careful not to impose your emotions (which being those of the exile, refugee or mere literary traveller can easily descend to fatuity) on your English colleagues. They know, or should do, as you do not, that aspic suffocates as it preserves, and that the literary stasis has appalling human consequences.

So, what it comes down to, I have no practical gripes against British publishers. In the never-ending scrimmage to preserve a decent minimum of literary values, however unconscious and incompetent they are in their guardianship, I am on their side. As with the English police, one does not go so far as to approve, but one is happy they do not carry guns. The virtue is slightly negative, if you see what I mean.

In the meantime, whatever the defects and side-effects, the sheer fact of the condition remains. British publishers let you write your own book, usually have the grace not to attempt to conscript you into their insularity, are sufficiently underdeveloped commercially to stay off your back during most of your working tenure, over-praise and underpay you and of course, publishers being publishers, gently press you to write again what you once successfully wrote.

Considering the strong radical tradition, there are few genuinely idealistic people in the older generation of publishers, none that I have found among the younger. But if they no longer really believe a book is explosive – the real genius of the American publisher – a racial memory, a vestige of feeling, remains that a book means *something*. This will ordinarily take the form of a sense of artistic, rather than social, trust. You may, however, run into the rare publisher who speaks with the forked tongue of our tribe. Remember. Left-wing publishers, on the whole, are publishers. They are shrewd – very shrewd – businessmen and, taking one thing with another, more philistine. A good responsible Tory is the man for you.

Finally, you will find that here, too, for all that can be said in their favour, publishers have begun to cooperate steadily in debasing just those values which define their function. Not only is more kitsch being produced, but publishers – no doubt in response to rising costs and the growth of the satellite concessions (book clubs, paperbacks) – make less and less distinction *in their own minds* between art and crap-art. English publishers refer in respectful terms to Cozzens, Drury, Michener, Burdick and Uris and their English counterparts. This should not dissuade you from coming. The advent of the non-book is not yet at hand.

A word of warning. As at home, your publisher may want to draw you into the selling end of your books. Remain firm. Do not go on television, give as few newspaper interviews as the ego allows, and refuse to address conventions of book salesmen. Do not visit your publisher except on business and for ceremonial occasions, receive awards by mail. Your job is to write, not sell yourself. It is one thing to appreciate the difficulties of your publisher in the competitive market. It is another to connive with him at the seduction of your audience. 'Art loses itself if it becomes an extension of daily life, a commodity among commodities.'

Best regards,

CLANCY SIGAL

Togetherness

JOHN COLEMAN

Writing is solitary and so is reading. But around them a whole small commerce of irrelevances has grown up, trivialising and comforting. Gaudy memoirs of Bloomsbury and Fitzrovia create illusions of coherent, interlocking 'in-groups' that never really were, cosy *causeries* that governed the literary scene. So the author's lonely anarchic state is glamourised and young men want to *be* writers in the same way that others want to *be* actors, dreaming of entry into a teeming world of good talk and unexpected sexual fulfilments. Some also dream of power, of throwing down roots into an Establishment, and blossoming into eminence. It may be as well, then, to point out the obvious: there is no such thing as a London literary world today or nearly no such thing – just writers, readers, and a mass of marginalia.

Publishers aren't, to be fair, marginal. They have been a necessary intermediary ever since the bards went out. They sell like any businessman, but the delicacy of their product is matched by standards of conduct largely superior to those found in other reaches of trade. Book Clubs take one into deeper murkier waters, trading as they do *off* publishers, *on* the impressionable public. The worst are full of passionate intensity: 'Books that cause a stir! . . . These are, we say with certainty, books you will be glad to read, proud to own; books which for "reader interest", appearance and production represent truly outstanding value.' A firm that specialises, presumably, in heightening 'reader interest' by excising the dull bits in popular works, lets the cat right out of the bag: ' . . . one of the really staggering best-sellers that you must have read if only because nearly everyone else has'.

Readers Union (1937) was the first of the cut-rate clubs still operating today and remains one of the best. John Baker, a canny, candid man, now a director of Dent's, started it and has been responsible for most of its choices. There was a strong WEA flavour about his ambitions, which the times have partially betrayed. RU, he wrote,

> cherished the hope of a popular culture. That hope has become increasingly disappointed with the passage of the years, and we have, since 1937, seen the masses enter the age of material prosperity and cultural poverty, while the cultured minority has retreated with *hauteur* to the columns of the NEW STATESMAN.

With as little hauteur as possible, one is forced to question the whole idea of 'feeding' at people a book a month, no matter how cheaply or elegantly produced. There's no virtue, after all, in simply reading any more than in deliciously scratching; and the degree of supine acceptance implied in the processes of a book club augurs depressingly for the quality of the actual reading. Ideally, a progressive book club would lose its membership (since it claims to trap those who wouldn't otherwise know a book from a bolster) every six months: they'd have gone on to choose their own.

But there are levels in all this and RU, World Books and Contemporary Fiction, a new Phoenix Group venture, maintain a high rate of 'good books', with – as a *Which?* survey recently pointed out – a low intake of best-sellers. The Book Society is a different, rather mysterious affair, with an imposing panel of selectors (William Golding, Isabel Quigly, Neil McKendrick, Peter Green) and a membership of around 10,500 which contentedly pays standard prices for the books selected. Most of the clubs produce a monthly broadsheet or magazine and perhaps the secret of it all lies here. The Book Society's, in particular, has considerable chic, and even some pretentions to critical standards. All the clubs have large overseas sales, and a sense of belonging probably matters more in Bulawayo than in, say, Beckenham.

Authors – some authors – like to belong, too. PEN has its fond adherents, the great committee-men of letters and the hangers-on, who meet, debate, anthologise, travel, in atmospheres of ruffled or earnest togetherness; heavily ironic about the outcome of any of it, but persevering. It is easy to be funny about such odd assemblages but I think one should be. Writers *ought* to be private people, prone to friendships like anyone else, clashing in thoughtful print and not in theatrical congress. We ought to be apprehensive of literary lobbies (there are always enough people about to defend them), whether they reside in the Mayfair *salons* of the National Book League and are committed to the proposition that reading is good for you or in the dusty grandeur of the Royal Society of Literature in Bayswater, half its effort spent on medals for famous old men.

But what of the literary parties, the witty *congeries* of bookmen and artists? Ah, what indeed? I don't understand them, beyond the fact that some publishers are socially ambitious and that there is a well-founded belief that most reviewers drink like sponges. (The most impressive parties are still, I learn, those of Weidenfeld, Longmans and Collins, with Blond as a junior aspirant.) A party is often nice, but *literary* parties? They breed and foster the tiny panjandrums; the scurrying anonyms and pseudonyms; the ace-players of the literary game. Spilling whiskies in tall Georgian rooms, at Planetaria and ox-roastings, they belong to one sort of 'in-group' all right. The wilful, unchattable business of making literature goes on outside.

Paperbacks

ANTHONY GODWIN*

Immediately after the war, when I began bookselling, the only paperbacks in the shop were Penguins and they occupied no more than a beach-head. Ten years later I started another bookshop. By then paperbacks had became such an important sideline that a quarter of the floorspace had to be allocated to them and I suppose there must have been 12 paperback publishers. Today there are more than 20 with some 8,000 titles in print.

In 1935 the first Penguins came out, were rebuffed by booksellers and marketed eventually by Woolworth's. Paperbacks were still no more than a minor sideline in 1948, a promising trend in 1954. By 1960 they had come to be recognised as the most dynamic factor in the publishing world. By this time even pillars of the establishment like Oxford University Press, Cambridge University Press, Allen & Unwin, Methuen and Routledge had all launched a paperback series.

The 'paperback revolution' had been in gestation for 25 years. Now that it's all over, it seems surprising that it should have taken

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**Chief Editor of Penguin Books.*

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In 1961 alone
HEINEMANN
are publishing new
books by these authors

FICTION

ERSKINE CALDWELL
Jenny by Nature
SHIRLEY ANN GRAU
The House on Coliseum Street (*October*)
GRAHAM GREENE
A Burnt-Out Case
JULIAN GREEN
Each in his Darkness (*September*)
GEORGETTE HEYER
A Civil Contract (*October*)
GERALD KERSH
The Implacable Hunter
J. B. PRIESTLEY
Saturn over the Water
The Thirty-First of June (*October*)
NEVIL SHUTE
Stephen Morris (*September*)
WALLACE STEGNER
A Shooting Star
JOHN STEINBECK
The Winter of Our Discontent
LEON URIS
Mila Eighteen (*October*)
PETER USTINOV
The Loser
We Were only Human
MORRIS WEST
Daughter of Silence (*October*)
ERIC WILLIAMS
The Borders of Barbarism (*October*)
FRANK YERBY
Gillian (*July 31*)

NON-FICTION

RICHARD CHURCH
Calm October: Essays (*September*)
MARGARET COLE
The Story of Fabian Socialism (*October*)
MORRIS GINSBERG
Evolution & Progress
ANTHONY HOPKINS
Talking About—Symphonies (*September*)
ROBERT JUNGK
Children of the Ashes: the People of Hiroshima (*July 31*)
MARGARET LANE
A Calabash of Diamonds
JOHN MASEFIELD
The Bluebells & Other Verse
KWAME NKRUMAH
I Speak of Freedom
KATHLEEN NOTT
A Clean, Well-Lighted Place
HESKETH PEARSON
The Pilgrim Daughters (*August*)
JAMES REEVES
A Short History of English Poetry
Ragged Robin (*for Children. September*)
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, Jr
The Politics of Upheaval
FRANCIS WILLIAMS
A Prime Minister Remembers
LIN YUTANG
The Importance of Understanding

so long. For a paperback is more than the cheap version of an orthodox book in a paper cover. It is another example of the mass production story. By making their books a uniform size and issuing each title in large numbers, it is possible to print and bind them in much the same manner as magazines – a terrifying blend of mechanisation and rationalisation which brings down the cost to rock bottom. The catch is that while the smallest economic printing number for the average novel published in the orthodox manner is 2,500, the smallest number which can be economically printed in this manner is 30,000. However, printing like this on cheaper paper in a smaller format enables the average paperback to be sold at 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* 6*d.* instead of the 18*s.* and upwards it would have to fetch as an orthodox book.

A book at 2*s* 6*d.* instead of 18*s.* does not automatically sell ten times as many copies. But cheapness and uniformity of size do enable them to be marketed on a mass scale. Paperbacks are becoming as ubiquitous as cigarettes and they can be bought just as casually. It is this combination of cheapness and availability which has given them a far greater public than the higher-priced orthodox book confined to the bookshop.

One difference between paperbacks and the orthodox book – it is a strong part of their appeal – lies in their informality, their complete absence of 'side'. Freud doesn't look nearly as forbidding in paper covers, nor a book on Aquinas or the Quantum as frightening. Moreover, should the going get tough or tedious, it is possible to throw away a paperback without any vestige of guilt. In these sardine days of flats and bungalows it is essential to be able to rid yourself of books without compunction. Otherwise the mildest addiction can crowd you out of house and home. Cheapness too encourages the public to be adventurous. Eighteen shillings is a lot to risk on a novel. But with only half a crown at stake, it's an invitation to try new authors and explore fringe interests: enzymes, the Symbolists, the new astronomy, animal camouflage, Buddhism.

Covers are vitally important. When I visited the recent paperback exhibition at the National Book League, on the other hand, I was struck by the divergence between the non-fiction and fiction covers. The first were full of vitality, some equal to the best contemporary graphic work. Forty feet away the fiction covers made up a different world. They were aimed presumably at the lowest common denominator of a gullible public who buy their books by the cover alone.

Specialist, educational, technical, academic, art-book publishing and the heavily illustrated book have not been affected by paperbacks. General publishing, however, is beginning to feel the pinch. The sales of run-of-the-mill biography, travel, memoirs and fiction have started to wilt. And remembering the really horrendous number of new titles announced this spring, I feel like giving a ghoulish cheer. For years publishing has been tyrannised by overproduction. If paperbacks turn out to act as a restraining influence and force publishers to become increasingly critical, I can't see that any of us will be the losers.

Nearly all the fiction in paperback is reprinted under licence from the original hardback publisher who divides the royalties between himself and the author concerned. This has become a sizeable additional source of income for publishers. Lately, too, the competition between paperback publishers for the reprint rights of a best-selling novel (now nearly always sold before original publication) has grown so fierce that astonishing advances are sometimes paid. *Lolita* fetched £15,000 and the other day I was told that the advance paid for a new novel by Evan Hunter (of *Blackboard Jungle* fame) was £12,500. You can imagine what a windfall this is for the original publisher – not that this sort of thing happens every day. Simultaneously, hardback fiction sales have been hit by paperbacks, with the exception of authors of established literary or popular reputation. It is getting difficult to publish any but the topliners at a profit. Publishing may be an occupation for gentlemen, but publishers themselves wouldn't be human if the effect on some was not to cause them to publish their fiction with one eye firmly cocked on the paperback possibilities. There is a danger that mass appeal will become the sole standard by which a novel is to be judged.

The literary scene is in peril of being converted into a dustbowl. At the moment paperback publishers are cashing in on the past 60 years of creative writing and publishing. Unless they take over some of the responsibilities for discovering and encouraging new talent, the present literary scene will be denuded within the next decade. Fostering authors' talents costs money and requires publishing flair.

Authors don't emerge ready-made any more than actors spring fully fledged on to the stage. An actor needs to develop his talent by appearing before the public; an author by being published. If the effect of paperbacks is to create conditions in which it becomes impossible, except at a loss, for the hardback publisher to publish the promising, the experimental, the difficult and the obscure, then who is going to publish tomorrow's Proust?

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FINANCIAL TIMES
25s. net

Sidgwick & Jackson

Coming Attractions

The Bookseller. Spring Export Number. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Spring Number of *The Bookseller* would have made the staunchest reviewer quail. Although it 'is devoted exclusively to the new books to be published in this country during the coming months', it runs to 720 pages and carries advertisements from 736 firms, and weighs 4 lbs. As for the titles: between *ABC of Millinery* and Zweig, A. there are, at a rough estimate, some 2,000. They range from *Everybody's Guide to Ayurvedic Medicine* to *Tomato and Cucumber Culture* (a sequel to *The Greengage Summer*?), from Gabor, Zsa Zsa to *Birds in My Indian Garden*, from *Dawn of Civilization* through *Duel at the Brink* to *Doomsday Book*, from *Sexual Revolution* to *A Severed Head.*

A good many, such as *New Hope for Your Hair*, are, of course, sub-reviewing. Another large proportion are beyond it: I mean the paperbacks. They form the one cheering section of the whole massive volume. The highbrow paperback may have begun in England with the Pelican series, but about ten years ago it made the inevitable Atlantic crossing. It has now come home again slicker, richer, more efficient and considerably more mature for the American experience. It may be that the well-designed, cheap, eminently serious reprints are just another fashion in consumer goods. But if so, they represent a fad worth cultivating. For simply by the elegance of their covers they help to destroy the superstition that all masterpieces are boring.

The Bookseller's section on paperbacks is, however, cheering for a less high-minded reason: if a book is well enough known the publishers don't describe it – hence *The Organ of the Book Trade* is also silent. *The Bookseller* takes its sub-title seriously. It is not concerned with books but with selling them. When it does offer comment, therefore, it produces a kind of blurb's blurb. Which means that *The Bookseller* projects a very clear image of the publishers. For by their blurbs shall ye know them, more even than by their books.

The preliminary sifting of new work is largely farmed out to free-lance readers. And these, poor souls, are the last slave labourers left in the Welfare State. The average fee for reading a manuscript and writing a detailed report is, I believe, about two guineas. One publisher pays as low as 10*s.* 6*d.* And a report is usually longer and more concerned with minutiae than a full length review. Yet the readers drudge away without unions or even complaints because, as one blankly explained, 'there are thousands of housewives who would do the job for less'. The blurbs, however, are the publishers' own responsibility. Men with offices and reputations (T. S. Eliot used to be among them) are *paid* for writing them. To judge from *The Bookseller* they have not learned much from the works they publish.

Blurbs for novels, for example, employ a handful of adjectives with a ruthless and ponderous monotony: *explosive, dramatic, violent, powerful* cover the books with a potentially wide appeal; *delicate* does for lady novelists (*sensitive* seems to be out this year), whilst the progress from satire to farce is graded from *gently malicious* to *incisive* to *caustic* to *hilarious.* The most original epithet I could find seems to have been inspired by the Wide Screen: *panoramic.* Cinema trailers, in fact, set the tone for all the fiction advertising, as though each new book were some quivering, but eminently exploitable bundle of sensations, a kind of Marilyn Monroe in prose.

But *The Bookseller* has an odd quirk: it barely mentions the better forthcoming novels; instead, it sticks doggedly to issues and fashions. Since *Lady Chatterley*, for example, prosecution has been all the rage; so a *cause célèbre* of the Norwegian courts gets a paragraph to itself. Politics also sell novels, particularly those of Africa or of the Red Peril. Hence:

> a novel which dares to poke fun at the premature handover of power in present-day Africa, and is expected to 'draw howls of rage from the starry-eyed Left Wing press, and delighted laughter from the uncommitted Centre'.

(The *Sunday Times* please note.) Apparently, class and Angryism, too, still have their sales value. On them *The Bookseller* is splendidly impartial:

> *The Day of the Sardine* is, in the most real sense, say the publishers, a working-class novel.

Yet over the page we are told, with equal approval, that

> the well-known Fleet Street journalist Godfrey Smith has written a long, romantic, contemporary, but emphatically 'anti-angry' novel.

I wonder how much Fleet Street, 'angry' or angrily 'anti-angry', influences *The Bookseller* itself. Certainly, it takes a peculiarly Beaverbrook attitude to fiction: a novel is interesting only to the degree to which it can be made news.

But the strangest use of bright sales techniques is in peddling religious books. It is not simply that the subject makes the occasional use of commercial language sound so misplaced: 'Heading the Faith Press spring list is *Bishop*.' Rather, it is a question of titles. It seems that the only way to make a religious book appealing is to make it sound faintly non-religious. So the followers of *avant-garde* literature get *Waiting for Christ;* for the military-minded, there is *God In Action* or the Churchillian *The Church In Crisis;* for the scientific comes *Experiments in Prayer;* for the Teach-Yourself, Network-Three audience there is *Introducing the Christian Faith;* and those with a taste for the frankly sensational get *A Scientist Who Believes in God* – modelled, I suppose, on that great religious classic, *I Was a Teenage Catholic*.

Perhaps this sales pressure ultimately accounts for the indeterminate image of publishing projected by *The Bookseller*. The trade is obviously in a difficult position: production prices are going up but, at the same time, the potential audience for books is also growing. As the *Daily Express* announced with surprising editorial pride:

> The reading habit has spread to almost every home in the land. More books are read, more books are bought in Britain than ever before.

So the publishers are forced into attempting the same high-pressure sales techniques needed to plug successfully every other commercial product. But they don't take kindly to it. For, as everyone knows, publishers as a class are some of the nicest, most sociable men in the world. The demands of ad-mass culture embarrass them. The result is a mixture of seriousness and half-hearted vulgarity, as who should say 'Our product is important all right, but we must, alas, *sell* it'. In the welter of bright nonsense and indecision appearing in the spring *Bookseller*, the fact that good books continue to be published and even sold seems a positive miracle.

A. Alvarez

Ready Shortly

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Sauce de l'Outre-Tombe

Chateaubriand. By FRIEDRICH SIEBURG. Translated by VIOLET MACDONALD. *Allen & Unwin. 35s.*

In writing the life of an egoist as voluble as Chateaubriand, the biographer has to fight to make himself heard. Dead for a century, most of his books dead too, he still has the power to shout down any conversation which broaches the subject of Chateaubriand and to impose his own opinions on that favourite topic. The bulk of what is recorded about him he recorded himself: predigested and processed with a view to furnishing certain effects, it amounts to a Soviet Encyclopaedia of experience. From the corner into which this blaring, boring voice has blown him Mr Sieburg makes a doomed attempt to gain an accurate impression of Chateaubriand by doing away with all his hypocrisies. His hypocrisy was absolute; he kept up his patter of self-explanation to distract the attention from what was really going on. The more strenuously he promises that this time he is going to lay his bones bare with the sharpness of his candour, the less he reveals.

In his admiration for Chateaubriand's success in vastly enlarging public awe in face of the writer and his 'temperament', Mr Sieburg sometimes lets his hero fool him with his own very saucy notions of himself and his works: 'His partiality for visiting famous graves and deserted ruins . . . imbues his literary style with the most admirable purity and sincerity'. Chateaubriand's life was an entertaining one, however, and this description of the age helps to put it a little in context. Men and women, in Empire and Restoration, flung themselves on each other, believing that truth would be revealed by passion, and created only further skins of deceit and vocabularies of hypocrisy. Among them, Napoleon himself alone appears to have kept his head, finding their frenzies rather comic. He tolerated Chateaubriand's noisy changes of heart, though he found them annoying. Perhaps he underestimated the damage which the intellectuals could do him, but he provided them with a target and a topic, a pleasant feeling that they were living dangerously and an opportunity for heroic posturings not too fiercely punished.

In the Restoration, when Chateaubriand at last enjoyed important ministries and embassies, his own lack of political principle proved fatal to him. He disliked the results of his successful schemes but wallowed in self-pity whenever his intrigues failed. In this there is a depressing parallel to his relations with women. Having invented an imaginary 'Sylphide' for his satisfaction, as an adolescent skulking in the hot woods of Brittany, he never stayed significantly faithful to any of his countless women except Madame Récamier – the only one who never allowed herself to become his physical mistress. One suspects that the urge to make himself more attractive to women was a dominant consideration in almost all his undertakings. In *René* and in *Atala*, the two early novels, he shows an unpleasant fondness for the idea of a hero who arouses desire in others which he never commits himself to gratifying. Chateaubriand was in all things a flirt, and why his reputation still proclaims him as a consistent political thinker is a mystery which Mr Sieburg does not explain.

NEAL ASCHERSON

Art and Sex

The Art of Roman Gaul. By MARCEL POBÉ and JEAN ROUBIER. *Galley Press. 4 gns.*

Roma Amor. By JEAN MARCADÉ. *Skilton. 13 gns.*

Archaeologists used to be treasure-hunters and, whether they like it or not, that is how they are still regarded by the vast majority who visit their sites and their deposits in museums and galleries. And many archaeologists play up to this public demand by recklessly pinning the label of 'great art' on everything within reach of their spades. Henry James found in Pont du Gard and the Nîmes arena 'a certain stupidity, a vague brutality . . . rarely absent from great Roman work'. Visitors who are not afflicted with conventional piety regularly confess disappointment with Roman Gaul. They were led to expect the wrong thing, 'beauty' and 'great art' in capital letters; finding too little of either they quickly fled to the nearest Romanesque church.

Roman Gaul can often be enormously interesting, and one can derive much pleasure, even aesthetic pleasure, from the remains, but only if one brings to them a sense of history and a catholic curiosity about people and how they think and behave. One can catch some of the interest merely by studying the 259 black-and-white photographs presented by MM. Pobé and Roubier with a sober introduction and informative plates. The rich selection of walls, buildings, terrain views, sculpture and architectural reliefs ranges from prehistoric times down to early Christianity. What emerges is that little is *artistically* satisfying or even competent, and that the best is not Roman but Celtic.

A comparable survey of the 'art' of Roman Britain would show the same thing, and an unprecedented opportunity now exists in the exhibition of objects and photographs at Goldsmiths' Hall, arranged for its Jubilee by the Society for Roman Studies and continuing till 22 July. This collection has a narrower time-span than the Gallic volume, as it has been restricted to the centuries of actual Roman occupation, but it is more representative and therefore has more of the look of its time. Artistically, one piece stands without rival – the Gorgon's head from the pediment of the Temple of Sulis-Minerva in Bath, almost certainly the work of a migrant or visiting Gaulish artist, probably of the second century AD.

In a brilliant short chapter, R. C. Collingwood summed up the situation 25 years ago.

> The artistic romanization of Britain is . . . a melancholy story, not because Rome failed to impose her standards – she succeeded too well – nor because Britain lacked artistic aptitude, for she had it in plenty, but because teacher and pupil were at cross-purposes.

In a sense, the explanation is too generous. Roman purposes nearly always produced fine feats of technical mastery and of massivity, but usually they stultified and brutalised at the same time. They were *always* at cross-purposes with their subjects. When one moves from the western fringes of the Empire to the less provincial, more affluent, more 'sophisticated' centre, the victims become Greeks and Etruscans, rather than Gauls or Britons, and the end-product is different only because the Greeks and Etruscans were so different.

In its restricted field, *Roma Amor* provides the necessary evidence. Greek erotica was lustful, exuberant and full of fun; the Etruscans had a fierce and imaginative quality about theirs; the Romans made it dull and dirty, one more instance of their inability to avoid the two extremes (in combination) of the schoolboy and the solemn schoolmaster. Professor Jean Marcadé unconsciously brings this out in his introductory essay, which is slightly apologetic, half-pompous, half-leering, as for some reason nearly all writing about the sexual life of the ancients tends to be. My greatest complaint, however, is that as pornography the collection is even more boring than it need be. The reproductions in colour and half-tone are magnificent: the unnamed photographer *is* an artist and the one man (apart from the Swiss printer) to come out of the enterprise with credit. But many of the paintings and all the medallions are so eroded that little of the detail is discernible. For the rest – save for a jolly Etruscan trio – it is too much a case of one 'splits' (the coy caption-writer's word) after another.

Inevitably, Professor Marcadé claims that the paintings and sculptures are among

> the most subtly accomplished work that freedom of artistic inspiration and expression ever produced . . . , intended to appeal to the intelligence rather than the animal passion.

Since the author is content with mere repeated assertion, a simple counter-assertion will do. Apart from two Rodinesque marbles and the wonderful colouring of the paintings, and not counting the priapic amulets and the grotesque figurines (which even Professor Marcadé places in a different category), there is little in this volume worthy of being called 'art' at all, and the intent of the 'artists' was plainly aphrodisiac and nothing else.

M. I. FINLEY

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'Her gift is special. She excels at description and at narrative, and, between the scene and her account of it, she places an intensely personal lens so that what she describes becomes unique and interesting.' – *Sunday Times*

16s

MACMILLAN

Surprises

The Day Khruschev Panicked. By George B. Mair. *Cassell.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

This adventure story, by a doctor turned traveller turned journalist, is all about a great Soviet plot that failed. George Mair overheard a chance mention of 'anti-matter' at a party in Moscow in 1958, where he eavesdropped on a conversation between two American security men and General Serov, then head of Soviet security (and incidentally turned 'plump' for the occasion, though when he came here as a very unwelcome visitor he seemed spare and lean). The clever doctor knew at once that 'anti-matter' was some new form of nuclear devilry which could blow up the whole world, so he rashly started off on a trail which took him to Bulgaria, Turkey and elsewhere, involving him in considerable personal danger and in the top secret activities of various undercover agents who shared their secrets with him freely. We are treated to a torture demonstration by two charming ladies trained by a Bulgarian lady spy, who is very beautiful but has no soul. And the doctor ends up by enjoying the favours of the lady spy in order to prove that he has or has not been successfully hypnotised – I didn't quite understand which. After further adventures, a Soviet plot to bring the rest of the world to its knees by means of a weapon of immeasurable power based on 'anti-matter' is unmasked and foiled.

It was all due to start on 27 September 1960 while Mr Krushchev was in New York. But the plot, as I say, was unmasked in time. The American authorities informed Mr Krushchev while he was still on board the *Baltika* of their proposed countermeasures, and so he had to call it all off. Since the Americans had succeeded in breaking the Soviet ciphers, they added a touch of humour by sending their messages in the Soviet code: the first one read, 'Surprise, Surprise. Surprise. All has been discovered. Uncle Sam.' Mr Krushchev raged terribly.

I find it hard to believe that this farrago of improbabilities was ever intended by the author to be taken as anything other than an anti-communist tract in thriller form. The improbabilities are titanic – China was about to declare war on the Soviet Union, secure in her conviction that if attacked by nuclear weapons the USA, if you please, was certain to come to her aid; the Turkish security authorities took the doctor so much into their confidence that they allowed him to take part in the breaking of a Chinese spy (another sadistic story); and how do you make 'anti-matter' stop its chain reaction at the Oder or at the Vistula, or wherever the boundary of communist orthodoxy now lies?

The doctor, it is true, uses every device to make his book read like a 'truth is stranger than fiction' account. But this is a technique familiar since the days of *Gulliver's Travels,* if not Herodotus. Besides, the book contains many factual mistakes which can be checked. To take just one example. The two American 'security' men, Martin and Mitchell, whose remark at the party in 1958 started the whole trail, defected in 1960 and are not known to have been in Moscow before then.

What is much more serious is that a reputable firm of publishers should without qualification endorse this book as a true account. I am not one of those who shout 'cold war' the moment any facts critical of the Soviet Union are disclosed – on the contrary, I think it is the duty of those who are competent to do so to study the Soviet Union without bias one way or the other in order to enlighten public opinion. Whether it is based on a modicum of real facts or wholly on fantasy, this book is written without the necessary knowledge of Communist affairs. It is no contribution to understanding the present conflict between civilisations, in which our own is in great jeopardy, to write an account of it which falls half way between a boy's adventure story and a lurid thriller.

Leonard Schapiro

Night Thoughts

This Business of Living. A Diary: 1935-1950. By Cesare Pavese. Translated by A. E. Murch. *Peter Owen.* 30*s.*

It was not for its literary interest alone that the publication of this intimate diary was awaited with such eagerness, but also for the explanation of a mystery. Why should this man, who had realised the dream of his youth beyond his own highest expectations, who as poet, novelist and journalist was perhaps the greatest success of Italian letters in his day, choose to kill himself at the very crown of his career, at the age of 42? The diary, which ends a few days before the fatal day, does go far towards an explanation. It is a document of a strange, harrowing pathos. That it was written without intent to publish is confirmed by internal evidence. The always spontaneous, sometimes cryptic and occasionally valueless entries are those of a note-book. But the notes are by a considerable poet and thinker: he is talking to himself, literally – addressing himself very often in the second person singular. And this dialogue is characteristic of his peculiar mentality, which is of a phenomenal objectivity, a detachment that is almost (although actually not at all) schizophrenic, and of a condition of such tragic isolation that he can write of spending 'a whole evening sitting before a mirror to keep myself company'.

One has no sooner divined the chief peculiarity of his thought than one finds him reproving himself for it:

> There is a risk that your idea of ambivalence (avarice-prodigality, laziness-activity, love-hate) may become a rule in all your life: the *same* energy that produces an effect is corrected by the opposite effect.

But he was already ruled by that idea. He can hardly express a thought without stating or implying the opposite of it. This ambivalence goes with a dialectical subtlety that produces arresting and even profound insights: but it is also a fixation that seems analogous, or more than analogous, with his feeling of death as essential to the real consciousness of life.

His obsession by thoughts of suicide had roots even deeper, no doubt, than the unforgettable suicide of his greatest friend in early student days; that twisted pattern of apprehension had some origin that will never be known and was ineradicable: the obsessive dialectic is what he made out of it. And when he accepts suicide ('never to be committed') as 'his basic principle', this is not really, as he writes in 1936, because 'it caresses my sensibility', unless in the deeper sense that, for the world to be savoured supremely, it must be revealed for the first time, or better still, for him, as if for the last time, from the brink of death. At moments he repudiates such thoughts with passion; but one can see that he has somehow mixed or identified his secret self-colloquy, 'to be or not to be', with the springs of his creative activity.

Not that the diary may be taken for the whole man. It presents only the night-thoughts behind a diurnal round of tremendous productivity. Yet in a man who was sufficiently involved in the precipitous affairs of his day to be imprisoned for anti-fascist activities, it is significant to find a well-nigh negligible amount of political comment. Mostly, as is natural, he is discussing his own literary moods and methods, and this to an increasing extent in connection with his memories, surroundings and his always frustrated love affairs. For an artist to keep his finger so much on the pulse of his creativity is not egotism, in the cruder sense. But how little he thinks in private about his Italian contemporaries! His general literary reflections upon the great authors are sometimes illuminating, however: and he has glimpses, seemingly isolated, of vast philosophic perspectives:

> Those races who possess a rich mythological background are those who thereafter become the most dogged philosophers: The Indians, the Greeks and the Germans.

Mostly this is astringent reading, even apart from the terrible conclusion. Yet Cesare Pavese cannot be called a pessimist. He loved life, had great enjoyments, exulted in the successes which he rapidly rejected as pointless. There are passages here and there which I personally think dangerously erroneous. But then, who is likely to take as his guide to 'this business of living', a man who was always thinking of giving it up, and so soon did so?

Philip Mairet

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The Escape Hatch

ASA BRIGGS

The history of Britain in the 19th century might have been very different had it not been for the great waves of migration which carried thousands of Britons overseas. In 1815 less than 2,000 persons left the British Isles; in 1830 the figure was over 55,000; by the late 1840s and early '50s more than a quarter of a million emigrants were leaving in a single year. The statistics by themselves are impressive but inadequate. Historians who wish to explain them must turn from demography to economics and psychology. They must ask questions not only about how many people went but what kind of people went.

They must also ask questions about Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a lively, bustling, controversial figure whose views provoked Marx to write a whole chapter of *Capital* and whose ideas helped to create a new empire. Wakefield wanted emigration to be 'systematic', to be based upon 'principles'. He wanted to rule the waves. His principles sounded simple. The emigrants should not be convicts or paupers (nor should they be slaves): they should be 'of a good sort'. The process of emigration should be financed from the sale of colonial land: indeed, it should be a self-financing process. A 'sufficient price' should be charged for each acre of colonial land to 'occasion neither superabundance of people nor superabundance of land'. The proceeds from land sales should then be used to carry British 'labourers' to the colonies 'free of cost' – free of cost, that is, both to the emigrants themselves and to the British taxpayer. By these means British colonies overseas, like those of Greece in the ancient world, would have within them a mixture of classes. 'Every grant of land . . . would be an extension of Britain itself, and would provide so much room for all classes of Britons.' Because all classes of Britons would be represented, there should be a speedy introduction of self-government. Wakefield was strongly influenced by Benthamite views. His emphasis on self-financing recalls Chadwick on sewage. His arguments for self-government recall the Master himself.

Wakefield's strange and exciting life was given up to the promotion of these principles once he had formulated them. He wrote much, and he knew how to organise pressure. He accompanied Durham on his famous mission to Canada in 1838, and he was one of the hidden influences behind the Durham Report. He made his principles the basis of a scheme for settling a new colony in South Australia, a scheme which (with modifications) came to fruition in 1836. He struggled hard to secure the 'systematic colonisation' of New Zealand, a country to which he himself finally migrated in 1852. Since Canada, Australia and New Zealand constitute the hard core of the contemporary Commonwealth, Paul Bloomfield in his somewhat breathless biography* salutes him as the great 'builder'.

His life was more bizarre than a women's magazine romance. It included an elopement and an abduction. The abduction of a 15-year-old schoolgirl in 1826 caused Wakefield to spend three years in Newgate Gaol. It was there that he meditated on the public themes which were to propel him into national and international history. Prison-consciousness was his substitute for factory-consciousness. It may have sharpened his craving for space: it certainly led him to condemn capital punishment and transportation. His dream of a free Australia was set out in his *Letter from Sydney*, written from Newgate, in which he sardonically noted, 'we cannot expect that the increase of crime will keep pace with the spread of colonisation'. The increase of population could. 'Systematic colonisation' would relieve pressure and prevent 'serious political convulsion' in Britain. It was more attractive than 'moral restraint' and much more efficacious. Like Thomas Attwood, whose daughter married Wakefield's younger brother, he believed that it was quite practicable to look forward to 'a state of uninterrupted Prosperity'. He even proposed himself as a radical candidate for Birmingham.

His connections were as interesting as his career. While in Newgate Gaol he was visited by his cousin, Elizabeth Fry. He must have been one of the oddest as she was one of the most characteristic products of Quaker stock. Another of his cousins-in-law was Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. Much of the history of empire, as Mr Bloomfield shows, is contained in the lives of these two very different men, who quarrelled bitterly about the fate of Maoris and Britons in New Zealand. Having left Newgate, Wakefield was very quickly drawn into a circle of lively young 'philosophic radicals'. His father had been friendly with Francis Place. It was through friendships with Charles Buller, an able and sensible young politician, and Robert Rintoul, the resourceful editor of the *Spectator*, that Edward Gibbon began to exert influence. During the rest of his life that influence was converted into authority. He made many enemies, but he also made loyal and resolute supporters. Few would have detected (had they not constantly been told) either the former felony or the Quaker pedigree in the last big Wakefield venture—the sailing of the 'tory' Canterbury pilgrims to the south island of New Zealand in 1849. Lacking a Chaucer, the Anglican pilgrims found a Tupper:

> Thither the children of England are thronging
> There for true riches securely to search,
> Not for thy gold, California, longing,
> But for sweet home, with enough, and a Church!

Here were certainly men 'of a good sort'. Wakefield had succeeded in transforming the older image of the emigrant as the fugitive and the oppressed. The escape hatch was to be open to all, even to the gentry.

Mr Bloomfield seems to me to exaggerate Wakefield's personal influence in the general transformation of the older image, which after all had been only one image among several. At the same time with his keen eye for the unusual he seems also to miss the more profound aspects of his unusual subject. These centre on interpretations of society in the old world and in the new colonies. Wakefield's view of society, like Attwood's, was essentially hierarchical. Wakefield hated 'poverty, misery and pauperism', but even in the new world he believed that 'natural dependence' had to be created by artificial means. Mr Bloomfield does not ignore this, but he seldom wrestles with it. Wakefield's own writings are dissected too quickly and the full implications of Marx's famous critique of Wakefield are not clearly stated. Marx and Wakefield shared certain presuppositions, but differed sharply in mood and objectives. The differences were stated by Dr Pappe in an important article of 1951 which Mr Bloomfield does not quote.

Dr Pappe suggests that because Wakefield transported with him an 'old order', albeit a purified one, 'his name carries more weight with those who contemplate *Oceana* from the centre than with many living at the periphery'. This is true. Wakefield's role as an empire-builder remains controversial in the colonies of settlement. Mr Bloomfield mentions Dr Sinclair's criticisms in New Zealand. These, however, are merely the most recent expression of older strands in Commonwealth historiography. J. C. Beaglehole in New Zealand and Brian Fitzpatrick in Australia have been persistent and pungent critics. Their idea of the values that should have sustained the new communities are quite different from Wakefield's. Moreover, the detailed economic histories of 19th-century colonies reveal at many points the practical difficulties there were in arriving at a 'sufficient price' of land. 'In young colonies,' one writer put it 20 years after Wakefield's death, 'the land is everything.' The conditions of access and ownership provoked many rough struggles. Wakefield was as controversial in Australia as he was in Britain. 'Port Phillip owed most or all of its early success', some claimed,

> to the fact that it was started into being by unsystematised private enterprise, instead of on a fanciful systematic basis, and . . its progress might have been greater and more stable had it not been for the high average price to which the lands were raised by means which may fairly be written down as artificial.

It is no discredit to Wakefield that he was attacked from both sides. A historian of empire, however, must plunge deep into these controversies. Just as disputes about imperial preference have split the empire as much as they have united it, so disputes about Wakefield divide the historians of the Commonwealth. Historians of Britain are bound to find him interesting, as Mr Bloomfield does. He crossed so many paths, and he is so difficult to place in a convenient *niche*. Yet he left his own *ism*, and it is still relevant. In an odd kind of way, as odd as his life, it is much more relevant than when Disraeli wrote to Stanley in 1849, 'clearly, instead of more Wakefieldism, we want less'.

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* *Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Longmans. 42s.*

Whose Dreams

A pregnant woman has strange dreams;
As though from her wombed child should rise
Winding unborn thought in streams
Among her own thoughts and her fear,
Like a mingling of furnace fire
With rainy weather and low clouds.

So, she imagines clouds of flies
Between her and her lover: or he
Himself, sat down beside the door,
Face hidden, staring at the floor:
Or in her bed he lies and she
Finds suddenly he has no eyes.

The baby born, these dreams will go –
Or so she hopes, but does not know.
Nor does she know whose dreams they are:
Her own: her child's: or else maybe
Her lover left them there in her?
She is afraid, should that be so,
She'll never dare to let them go.

JOHN ARDEN

No Garden Party

Owls Do Cry. By Janet Frame. *W. H. Allen.* 16*s.*

Term of Trial. By James Barlow. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

The Takers. By Max Ehrlich. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Women on the Road. By Elio Vittorini. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Saturn Over the Water. By J. B. Priestley. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Jason. By Henry Treece. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

Janet Frame has been likened to Katherine Mansfield; and the comparison has some validity, if only because of a shared New Zealand background. The early parts of *Owls do Cry*, indeed, describing the childhood of the Withers family in a small town called Waimaru which might perhaps be Oamaru, resemble a little the studies of 'Kezia' in *Prelude* and *At the Bay*. Although Katherine Mansfield's territory was the North Island, there's the same vivid holiday feeling in the scenery, masking but not concealing the faint menace of a land and sea not yet thoroughly tamed. The treatment of the children, too, has the same rather self-regarding tenderness, dangerously verging on the cute. And the language, like the climate, is a little more lush and less chilly than it might be in a comparable English novel.

When that's said, however, the differences begin to be manifest. My guess would be that American writing has greatly influenced Miss Frame: for *Owls do Cry* has a raw edge and a controlled bitterness much sharper than the mere sting of Katherine Mansfield's stories. It's not only that the social background is less bourgeois: it's not only the grim fate of the family – culminating in some hypnotically clinical scenes in a mental hospital. The difference emerges in the prose itself. Although the book is divided into traditional sections – 'Twenty Years After' – 'Epilogue' – and although the lush language is sometimes a little too *voulu*, Miss Frame's writing has a suppleness, an informality, an ability to shift with the blur of thought and feeling, and a consequent power in the big scenes, that are far removed from the conscious precision of even the best of Katherine Mansfield. *Owls do Cry* is not a wholly original book, nor wholly successful: there are too many literary echoes, and too relentless a harrying of the central family. But it undoubtedly deserves to be read.

James Barlow should change the designer of his dust-jackets if he really wants to attract a suitable public. The cover of *Term of Trial* makes it look like just the kind of novel that doesn't deserve a reading – a glossy close-up of a girl whose open raincoat reveals a nightdress, gazing at a man in his shirt-sleeves in front of a double bed. The justification for this sales gimmick is that it represents the central episode of the novel, in which a Secondary-Modern English teacher is falsely accused of indecent assault on one of his girl pupils.

Mr Barlow, in fact, is no pornographer or titillator, and his teacher is no Humbert. His school somewhat resembles the redbrick jungle of Michael Croft's *Spare the Rod;* but *Term of Trial* is better organised as a novel, and has a pity and an irony that lend it greater subtlety. The tired, dogged virtue of the central character, the slightly Jansenist puritanism, the acute reflectiveness that somehow doesn't hold up the action, even the squalor itself and the rare religious references – all remind one forcibly of the Master of the Seedy Hero, Graham Greene. But because Mr Barlow doesn't overdo the saintly weariness, and is content to let his young thugs be young thugs without turning them into Pinkies, *Term of Trial* has the authenticity of the story behind a news item as well as the suspense of a good thriller.

The Takers is billed as a 'brilliant picture of an acquisitive, merciless, materialistic society' – it's such a great idea you wonder nobody thought of it before. As a matter of fact, Mr Ehrlich's book might equally be listed as a cautionary tale against defrauding the tax man, or (if you're a tax man) against taking bribes. In detail and depth it tells the story of Ed Vogel, an underpaid Inland Revenue agent in New York who starts on the slippery slope of corruption, at first to keep up with his mother's sanatorium bills, then to give his wife extra luxuries, then to move house, and so on, until his free spending attracts suspicion. His downfall is contrived by a likeable, conscience-troubled inspector employed in the Intelligence Division, whose job it is to track down just such defaulters. As the net closes, quarry and pursuer both suffer; and by the end of the book, which is full of absorbing technicalities, one begins to feel that income tax, like driving, brings out the worst in everybody. Even so, I don't think that this adds up to an Indictment of Society, although Ed Vogel's father neatly expresses the book's would-be message: 'In those days, Elizabeth, it was the Age of Character. Now it's the Age of Personality.'

Women on the Road might almost be renamed 'Women of the Streets', since its three stories are all about harlots. The first, very well translated by Bernard Wall, describes a Sicilian prostitute's attempt to recruit a young innocent whose very innocence puts off her clients and thereby saves her; the second and third, translated by Frances Keene, respectively portray a penniless adolescent's drift into prostitution and the autocratic old age of a former camp-follower, *La Garibaldina*. Signor Vittorini writes with a kind of dry wordiness, a leap-frogging, two-steps-forward-one-step-back manner, which at first gives one an impression of pondering and involvement. But after some thought I'm not sure that this isn't a mannerism, hiding a basically pastoral attitude that leaves one feeling aloof.

Saturn over the Water is J. B. Priestley's oddest book for years. Readers of his reminiscences won't need reminding of his pleasantly craftsmanlike approach to story-telling; and it's amusing to find him in the role of tall-story-teller, rather as if the ghosts of John Buchan and Charles Williams had sat down to concoct a spanking space-age adventure-story as part-propaganda for the CND. The book takes in missing scientists in Latin America, telepathy, a sex jag, cracks against the Australian police, and projected visions, as well as a hideously plausible plot to egg both the Americans and the Russians on to mutual thermonuclear destruction.

I'm too ignorant to know whether Henry Treece's *Jason* is plausible or not – though I don't suppose that Professors of Greek will be annotating their copies, unless to mark the sexy passages. These are plentiful: gold-tipped breasts and cruel ceremonies make it Fleming's (or Bond's) Travel Guide to the classical world. It's all a rapid, colourful romp, done with immense competence, and I'd suggest Kirk Douglas for the lead.

RICHARD MAYNE

Six Centuries' Worth

A Short History of English Poetry. By James Reeves. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Mr Reeves hopes that his book will do two things. The wish to help readers 'to understand the process of birth, growth, decay and rebirth underlying the history of poetry' looks well in a preface; statements such as 'the spirit of the later Elizabethan age is a combination of sheer joy, national self-confidence and a new zeal for discovery' will help no one. In his other aim – to encourage the reading of the poets themselves – he should be more successful. His critical commentary is on the whole pertinent and refreshing. The lapses are very few and far between. To say of Gower's verse that it 'is smooth and mellifluous, tending to dullness' will not create a rush demand at the libraries for the *Confessio Amantis*, and if you have only one thought to spare for Wallace Stevens, must it be that 'Wallace Stevens imported into American poetry the alien note of French aestheticism'?

Assuming the existence of 'the general reader who wants a perspective of six centuries of English poetry at a sitting' (is there one – the publishers presumably know what they're about), Mr Reeves sets out to satisfy this hasty appetite with taste, tact and a nice sense of proportion. Despite the blurb, the author's strong suit is not so much 'enthusiasm' as a robust good sense and a certain decent clarity, a genuine desire to illuminate the subject rather than to display his own fineness of perception. The latter comes out in the justness of the many quotations.

GĀMINI SALGĀDO

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Aldeburgh

DAVID DREW

The town of Aldeburgh is small, and so is its Festival. Yet every so often it achieves greatness. On at least two occasions last week, the magnitude of the event was beyond question: the orchestral concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, in which Rostropovitch played the Schumann Cello Concerto and Britten conducted . . . and Rostropovitch's recital, with Britten at the piano. The orchestral concert ended with a crystalline and very personal performance of Mahler's Fourth Symphony. Once one has accepted Britten's fast tempi his mastery of the awesome structural complexity of Mahler's tempo relationships is extremely impressive. The listener is caught in a current of *certainties,* and rightly forgets to think 'well, that is one way of doing it'. Of course, there are many ways. Britten's is very pure, a summer breeze which wonderfully stirs the branches and leaves of Mahler's peculiar polyphony. It is also a little puritanical.

The summit of the programme was Rostropovitch's performance of the Schumann Cello Concerto. Even for those of us who had been prepared by the mastery of his recorded performance of the Shostakovitch Cello Concerto it left behind a sense of wonder and, more tangibly, a new work. The Concerto was rescued once by Casals, but it is always in danger, and now Rostropovitch has saved it again. His exceptional air of purposefulness, his refusal to dramatise his position on the platform, is well served by Schumann, who only provides a curt four bars of introduction before the soloist enters on a *piano* E sustained for a whole bar. It is not an exaggeration to say that the essence and the lesson of Rostropovitch's whole performance was already present in his approach to that prolonged upbeat to the tonic. It was an inspired essay on the rhythmic character of a single note, and even before it moved to the accented tonic A, and long before it had generated the whole great phrase, one knew that a master was playing. In the character and direction he gave to that single opening note, he foretold its future and made manifest what was latent in it – the fact that the variation of upbeat patterns was to be one of the vital features of the movement.

Rostropovitch's unrelenting attention to every function of the phrase is linked to his extraordinarily rich vocabulary; the variety of character at his command, both in the colour and in the dynamic movement, is truly astounding. The result is that he makes one forget that there can be such a thing as 'mere' passage work. In the finale of the Schumann Concerto, which is the weakest movement and the only one which inclines to garrulity, Rostropovitch's performance was almost an act of composition in its own right. But to say that is to risk doing an injustice to his modesty as an artist. He leads because he refuses to dominate. Whether he is playing with or against the orchestra, it is always *for* them and the conductor. He listens scrupulously, and each solo is as much a preparation for the next tutti as a thing in itself. Under Britten's direction, the London Symphony Orchestra proved worthy of everything that Rostropovitch offered them.

Although I suspect that the whole of Rostropovitch's great and many-sided talent only appears in his concerto playing, he is in many ways a chamber musician even when he plays Concertos. The virtuoso temperament is as foreign to him as it is, despite appearances, native to Sviatoslav Richter, the other major Russian artist who has been introduced to British audiences during the past week.

I had hoped to find in Richter's Festival Hall Chopin-Debussy recital last Monday more than the essentially Lisztian manner that some of his recordings suggest. But despite the applause and the Press, I still find myself unmoved. In Chopin, his *rubato* is all angles, and the pieces in which he is most successful are the ones like the remarkable C major Mazurka op. 24 which have an angularity of their own and none of the chromaticism which governs and complicates the Chopinesque *rubato.* In Debussy as in Chopin, Richter's fantastic dexterity is almost as much a danger as a quality. It enabled him to run to death the mournful, far-off dance of *Les Collines d'Anacapri;* and when, in *La Cathédrale engloutie,* the music gave no opening for his kind of dexterity, he produced the keyboard equivalent of a Stokowski orchestration.

In his recital at Aldeburgh, Rostropovitch also played Debussy – the wicked and wickedly difficult Cello Sonata. The spirit and the tempo that lies behind all those changings and chokings of tempo, like the snarl behind the bearded smile, was beautifully conveyed, though Britten has not yet quite mastered the Debussyan textures (and the Steinway he was playing didn't help). The great playing of the evening was reserved for Schumann's sadly neglected little *Pieces in Folkstyle,* op. 102, and for the first performance of Britten's new Cello Sonata, written, every bar of it, for Rostropovitch, and dedicated to him.

A hasty glance at the score before the performance is worse than no preparation at all, for it may lead one to expect a work of the 'I'm-rather-thin-but-look-how-fast-I-can-run' school. In fact it is nothing of the kind. The element of display is certainly very brilliant – performed as it was last week, everything comes off with devastating ease – but it is subservient to something quite enigmatic, in spirit if not in form. The work is 'about' Rostropovitch's playing, certainly: but what else is it about?

The Sonata resembles the recent *Cantata Academica* in two related respects. First, it is more unified than *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and yet has less real unity. Secondly, it is partly dependent on certain very obvious outside models (not the same ones as in the *Cantata*). However, it differs from the *Cantata* in that it also harks back to the style of Britten's early music, especially the *Suite* for Violin and Piano op. 6. The theme of the first movement even reminds one a little of the opening of the Sinfonietta op. 1. Like op. 6 the Sonata contains a March and a *Moto Perpetuo,* both of them much more substantial than their predecessors. The title 'Sonata' is not just an honorary designation to disguise the birth of another *Suite,* and the central *Elegia* is the only movement which seems to me to say less, and in a less personal way, than the corresponding movement (the *Lullaby*) in the *Suite.* Nevertheless, the Sonata is unlikely to be counted alongside the two Quartets or the *Lachrymae* for Viola and Piano. The first movement is probably the best and the most characteristic – the piano's augmentation of the theme is very beautiful – but if, for instance, one compares the *animato* section with the *appassionato* variation in the *Lachrymae,* one finds that something is lacking in the lyrical and harmonic invention. Only in its remarkable rhythmic structures does the movement open up new ground for Britten.

The other notable premiere at Aldeburgh, Michael Tippett's *Three Songs for Achilles,* for voice and guitar, is described by the composer as a parergon to his forthcoming opera *King Priam.* It augurs very well for that work. In its melodic invention and its harmonic consistency and originality, it is one of the best things Tippett has done. Peter Pears surmounted its considerable difficulties with that superb musicality and intelligence that sets the standard for the Festival as a whole.

Night and Day

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Academy's Late Night Shows (11 pm Wednesday-Saturday) have been surprisingly successful, and this week Kurosawa's Wild Eastern gives way to Andrzej Munk's *Eroica. Eroica* (1957) comes from the heyday of Polish films, with war memories matured and opinion not too much curbed. Its two short stories are variations, for the most part sardonic, on the theme of terror and courage. By contrast with Wajda's *A Generation,* the 1944 uprising with Nazis in control and Hungarians ready to change over and the Russians non-committal is seen from the angle of personal comedy: a black marketeer gets enlisted, wanders drunkenly into a possible liaison with the Hungarians and ends up seriously pledged to liberation. Parts of the film – a sort of black *Schweik* – are very funny, and tragedy is implied. The second story debunks a legend: the flagging morale of a prisoner of war camp has been sustained by the wonderful escape of one Zawistowski, who is in fact all the time hiding in an attic. The mood here is one of sympathetic surgery; like Renoir's *La Grande Illusion* it slices through caste and individual to a universal condition of soldiers removed from the struggle. Need I add that in both these films the matter-of-fact acceptance of horror increases rather than lessens the strain?

There is also a change of day programme at the Academy to Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* (*A Bout de Souffle*). A crest on that fast-receding New Wave, it deserves to be considered not the best but the most representative of its fashion. It breaks new ground with a technique that does away with all the clichés of narrative and continuity: an effect as startling as was Miss Compton Burnett's irruption into the novel form. Here, at one bound, is the apparatus for that fresh and unprejudiced approach that has always seemed possible to films. Alas, the matter is jaded: must we bow down yet again to the fascination of old Hollywood gangster films, with a pinch of thoughtfulness taken from Gide? The wonder is that, so clogged with daydream stuff and literary re-hash, *Breathless* should work itself as free as it does. The camera-work staggers; Jean-Paul Belmondo gives an inescapable performance as a murderer trailing his intellectual coat; and even Jean Seberg manages a baffling intimacy.

Antipodeans

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Recent Australian Painting (Whitechapel). Interesting, important, welcome, and – despite the brouhaha – basically rather disappointing. The work on view tends to fall into well-defined categories: flimsily elegant and rather provincial, like the Archimboldesque painting by Loudon Sainthill, and the Klee-like paintings by Godfrey Miller; full-blown international abstraction, often with affinities to the American West Coast idiom; and paintings based on attempts to evolve, however self-consciously, a native Australian mythology. These last are by far the most attractive, but are already familiar from the one-man shows in London by such artists as Nolan and Arthur Boyd. Nolan's two contributions show his dazzling technical fluency, but also – especially in the example from the *Leda and the Swan* series – a certain disturbing hollowness. Arthur Boyd's work has, like Chagall, great charm, but is also, again like Chagall, a little oversweet. Among the abstract painters, the very young Brett Whiteley is weightily impressive. And two self-portraits – one by Jon Molvig and one by Clifton Pugh – are not to be overlooked. In both cases they combine genuine intensity with a complacent, slightly stagey toughness.

Elizabeth Frink (Waddington). Another devotee of toughness, deliberately gawky, and in many ways anti-sculptural altogether. For example, one of the most important pieces here, a large *Fallen Man*, has an arm foreshortened in a way which belongs much more logically to painting than to sculpture. Yet, if we admit Miss Frink's right – as we must – to shatter some of our preconceptions to get the effects she wants, many things in this exhibition are impressive. The falling and fallen figures have, besides awkwardness, real pathos, the stilt-legged birds a true bird-like fierceness. The romanticism comes through even more strongly than the brutalism.

Burra (Lefevre). Burra's somewhat cruel, slightly germanic surrealism seems to be giving way to a greater tranquillity influenced by English Romantics such as Palmer. Since his subject matter is often drawn from the landscape of Romney Marsh, this prompts a comparison with Paul Nash. But the paintings which are most obviously like Nash are those in which this new-found calm results in a lack of edge. Often, however, in works like *The Mulberry Tree* and *The Burning House*, where some of his old surrealism still persists, Burra produces a dense, rich imagery which lingers in the mind.

Dufy (Wildenstein). Two large roomfuls of Dufy's winsomeness and tricky cleverness prove in the end to be rather too much. Some views of Venice go to prove how much better Guardi was in the same kind. And some sketch-book pages expose rather cruelly the basically insubstantial quality of Dufy's talent. The best things are nearly all very early – best of all are two paintings of 1908, with an intensity Dufy never achieved again. The show remains a respectful, opulent monument to a formula.

Music (Gallery One). Always tenuous, and certainly very difficult to interpret or in any way get to grips with, this recent group of abstracts by Music contains one or two works at least which seem to provide interesting and original metaphors for visual experiences which form part of the common stock. These are large, almost monochrome canvases, subtly varied in texture, on which shifting shadows seem to be cast, as if by some unseen object or group of objects outside the picture-area. They remind me of certain cinematic effects – such as one finds in Hitchcock or Orson Welles – and also of things done by Chirico at the height of his Metaphysical period.

Chemmy

JOHN MORGAN

The only difference between this small, desperate game of *chemin-de-fer* in a Mayfair club and bingo sessions is the vulgar one of quantity. The law is equally clear. You must be a member of the club for 24 hours before you can play; all stakes must be returned to the players, except for five per cent of the *banque*, so the croupier relies largely on tips and may expect to make between £30 and £60 a night. The quantitative differences are that only 12 people sat around the green baize table and that they lost or carried away not shillings but hundreds of pounds.

We had eaten chicken *à la Kiev* below and, after midnight, when some of the aristocracy had gone and others hadn't, we gathered around the table in a brilliant pool of light. The rest of the room, the crimson carpets and curtains, was in darkness, out of which a hand reached from time to time offering champagne or whisky. *Marina, Marina, Marina,* the club singer had sung – the song that was top of the Adriatic pops last year but never made it here. We wondered why, the man with a plastic stomach and Swiss accent, the

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JOHN MURRAY

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man from Manchester, and myself. 'May I introduce a comrade from the Polish cavalry', someone said. 'Smile when you use that word around here', I responded. No one did. Clearly I was not with the idiom.

Chemin-de-fer, like bingo, is a very boring game. The Polish cavalry officer disputed this: 'It is only boring when you regard it afterwards: yet at the time it is not exciting, it is nothing, it is gambling'. It seemed to me to require no more skill than pontoon, where skill isn't needed so much as a blind intuitive sense. But being so boring, so lacking in skill, it becomes, I suppose, a pure form of gambling. Judgment is exhibited in the decision about when to go home.

Earlier we had talked about a man who had lost £157,000 the previous week at a London chemmy session. Opinion was divided. The amateurs admired the big loser both for having the money and daring to lose it. The professionals wanted to know what percentage of his capital or income £157,000 represented. Until they had this information it was impossible to judge. In general, they argued, a man who continues to play when he is losing is a bad gambler, as is the man who halts when winning. I didn't care, at the time, to offer the hypothesis that infantilism or petrified adolescence lies at the heart of this kind of gambling, as of Don Juanism, although it's a hypothesis that usually makes for lively talk. Everyone agreed that London now saw larger sums of money won or lost than any other European capital.

Scarcely a word, apart from the necessary technical commands, had been spoken once the game began. Cigar smoke gathered below the strong light; the red and green and blue chips and the cleanly-carved *sabot* moving around the green baize could well have been an innocent and pretty children's game. But the eyes fixed on them were as cold as we have been led to believe. When the Manchester man won, he laughed. Everyone looked displeased.

Hours passed. No one else present seemed to be aware of the powerful whiff of well-dressed waste that gathered round the game: gamblers never have this feeling, I suppose. The Dutchman took a taxi to the airport, £800 the poorer, or less rich. The game broke up at six. Steelworkers were going to work, buying newspapers at the factory gate to study the horses; postmen were delivering pools coupons; maintenance men, no doubt, were tinkering with ERNIE. One had the sense, walking through the Mayfair streets, of a nation girding itself up for another day's gambling.

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Hutchinson

Black Widow

ROGER GELLERT

Two brand-new American plays have surfaced coyly in peripheral London theatres this past fortnight; and one of them, *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You In The Closet And I'm Feelin' So Sad*, by Arthur Kopit, is superb. It is a sick and bitter joke, but one of considerable beauty and not a little truth. A rich, black-veiled, bitterly smiling widow arrives at a Caribbean hotel, where she is installed by a bevy of Firbankian bellboys. She brings her family with her – her late husband, expertly stuffed, in a coffin; her son, a delicate, retarded youth dressed like a chic little boy; two carnivorous plants ('Don't put them together, they fight') and a tropical fish that devours kittens. Two things happen. The widow makes a bored sort of pass at an absurd millionaire Commodore whose yacht bobs in the bay; and her son makes precarious contact with a girl of his own age, but strangles her when she tries to seduce him on his mother's bed.

This play is about sexual disenchantment turning to spite. It has nothing whatever to do with Ionesco, nor is it the effervescent trifle some reviewers have wished it to be. It is an unnervingly elegant, wildly funny blend of Firbank, Tennessee Williams and Charles Addams, and it demands to be played with sobriety, which is what it gets from Stella Adler, a bewitching American matron who is God's gift to Mr Kopit's Mephistophelean prose. She has a wicked languor. The bland, cruel words drop from her lips in eccentric, indelible patterns; the rhythm and concentration of the style is exquisite, but it is not 'literature'. It is perfect comic dialogue, the monstrous and the colloquial in happy harness. In the long scene with the Commodore, where the widow archly leads him on to the subject of her late husband in the coffin next door ('Whaddya say, Commodore? Want a peek?') she launches into a spellbindingly gruesome account of her wedded life, by the end of which the phrase 'sleeping together' will never mean quite the same to you again. Miss Adler is a past-mistress of eccentric American delivery. The rest of the cast, touchingly led by Andrew Ray as the boy, perform rather less convincingly in English.

Another American try-out, *They Might Be Giants*, at Theatre Workshop, makes a sad and unworthy farewell to Joan Littlewood. Lumbered likewise with unsuitable English accents, it is a feeble literary fantasy about an affluent paranoic who thinks he is Sherlock Holmes.

1170 and All That

V. S. PRITCHETT

Becket, done by the Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company, at the Aldwych, is one of Anouilh's more ambitious philanderings. It is a beautifully made play. Underlying the wit and horse-play between Norman King and Saxon Archbishop is a real theme: not medieval chicanery but the honour and dignity of the absurd human heart. Anouilh is a clown and hurt is always his subject; his laughter has more than a touch of the birch in it. Historically the piece is wanton; that does not matter. Henry II is presented as an ingenuous, rude, carousing, wenching Norman guy who owes his political education and a touch or two of humanity to the love he feels for Becket. Becket appears as a cynical young Saxon collaborator. The king is happy in lust but troubled by love and ignorance; the worm in Becket's heart, as it turns out, is the shame of the slave and the bad conscience of the conquered. His injury goes even deeper than that; he is incapable of love.

In the First Act these personable rogues make an ass of the Church and a romp of the State; but Henry has learned cynicism too quickly from his boon companion. In a fit of inspired cunning he makes Becket archbishop and the libertine finds himself cured of political shame by a sudden vision of the honour of God. Henry loses both control of the Church and the company of the adored friend who had taught him everything. Anouilh has never been interested in anything, really, except the mutilating loss of love – that is where his comic gift starts – and, in this play, the subject brings out his powers of Pirandello-like intelligence to the full.

As a wit Anouilh is apt to persist too long in witticism and drop into the facetious. There are vulgar digs and moments of Sellars and Yeatman and the comic history of England. But if his mind moves too fast, he is saved by his brilliant theatrical sense, by a genius for impudent changes of key and by his sudden shots of traditional French cabaret. Two examples are the wicked treatment of the Pope and Cardinal as a pair of shady Italian ice-cream vendors and the punch-drunk colloquies of the four bloody, boorish barons. The king discovering the use of table forks for the first time, wenching, hawking, tortured by boredom, by loathing of his awful family, by pride and love, and being thrashed, in the end, by his monks is unfailingly theatrical.

Anouilh's mastery is also shown in his power of evoking what happens off-stage: the king rushes in frightened to the depths of his rudimentary soul after the attempt to seduce Becket's mistress, who has, apparently, stabbed herself to death and nearly killed him. Christopher Plummer entered into the spirit of his part and conveyed very well its important painful aspect: the fitful dawnings and darkenings of intelligence in an unwilling mind. Eric Porter's Becket conveyed the subtler difficulties of a conversion. The meat of the drama is here. The play's only fault is that Anouilh's continuous irony diminishes the dramatic effect of Becket's death. But, of course, the play is about the education of Henry not the death of Becket. Leslie Hurry's set and costumes, especially the exquisite horses, were excellent and the whole company came up to scratch. They were notably good in the brief, moving passages.

At Stratford, Michael Elliot's *As You Like It* is simple, picture-book Shakespeare done in sturdy, rustic style and it catches the innocence of Arden and the mossy breath of nature. The greenwood tree is native to the delicious slut Audrey (Patsy Byrne), to the brief but excellent William (Gordon Gostelow), to the dotty shepherds and chorusing hunters. Even Touchstone (played straight and common by Colin Blakeley) looks like some towny Pan on the grass. The country copulatives are in their element, but the crucial question is: how is the banished Court to revert to nature? Are they at a barbecue? The choice, for the producer, is surely between rusticity and the stand-offish manner of pastoral. Shakespeare played to all levels of the house, but in separate manners; he did not invent an average appeal. So, unless Rosalind can play high artificial comedy, the point of her disguise will be lost, we shall think Orlando a dolt for not recognising her, the irony of her love lessons will dissolve into hungry giggles and Phebe will seem to be a schoolgirl unaware of a now well-understood personal problem. There is all the difference in the world between the lust-scenes of Touchstone and Audrey and the love-scenes of the other pairs – a difference of intention and therefore of style.

But nothing could hold back Vanessa Redgrave's Rosalind. She was tall, she was beautiful and she went all out for being bowled over. She caught the moment of falling in love at the wrestling match perfectly – a good wrestling match too – one saw her begin to walk on air. After that she could hardly stop herself from eating Orlando (Ian Bannen) alive. Her wit and self-possession were shaken by her heart-beats and she could no more disguise her state than if she were drowning. This may be *Venus toute entière* and a credit to the laws of nature; but it struck me as being unfeminine and unShakespearean. The fainting scene – toward which surprise the playwright had so brightly worked – failed; the word 'counterfeit' lost its point, for the girl was too far gone.

The Destroyers

There was a little damage done that day.
A few bricks crumbled and a few men said
Words at the worst to kill, at best betray.

There was no violence, no sudden dead
Strewn in the streets. Things simply wore away.
Where once were houses, there were stones instead.

There was discomfort everywhere, no-one
Felt quite at ease. Even the madmen stirred
In their cold beds. Some evil had been done.

And yet the journals scarcely hold a word
Of crucial pain, disaster or decay.
No-one has spoken though they all have heard.

We gaze at one another now afraid
Of what we think, of what we long to love.
Handshakes, like kisses, also have betrayed.

Later there will be sacrifice enough.
Can nothing now be done to cause delay?
Within myself the slow destroyers move.

How do they work? What is it that they say?

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Terry Boy

MAURICE RICHARDSON

History, said Hegel, is the clash of partisan views. (He must have been thinking of Alan Taylor *v.* Trevor-Roper.) There was also an Irishman who maintained that you couldn't watch two flies circling round a piece of sugar without wanting to bet that one of them would land first. Not much difficulty in picking one's hero in the Terry Downes-Pender fight. Downes, our terrier-cockney hope, may have been misdirected, encouraged to take more punches than has been good for him, but he has that particular combination of guts and panache to which the crowd always responds. 'The old hooter stood up well', he remarked typically afterwards.

He was exceedingly lucky to win the World's Middleweight Championship from Pender at Wembley on Tuesday, but you couldn't help feeling all kinds of irrational petty triumphs. (One in the eye for American imperialism, said a devout *Daily Worker* seller.)

It certainly looked – and no fight is more than its semblance – hard fought. Downes's manic entry into the ring, despite those very tardy paratrooper trumpeters, was encouraging. In his scarlet dressing-gown, gold-embroidered, he shadow-boxed with most un-English exhibitionism. It was altogether very unlike the apologetic slouching through the ropes that you expect from the nervous challenger.

After an interminable first round of long-distance sparring, Downes started swinging like Battersea Fun Fair. Soon we were roaring. A curious evangelical effect of white samite came from 20,000 and more spectators who had taken their coats off. Cries of 'Kill him, Terry boy', 'Get in there and do him up.' In the third and fourth rounds it really did begin to look as if Downes, who was certainly fighting the fight of his life, might put Pender out. Once he put him down, though wiseacres afterwards said it was only a slip accelerated by a swing. Up to round six Downes was holding his own, though Pender's upright classic style (and how classic these Americans so often are compared with our show-biz-fixated slugging as dictated by pot-bellied impresarios) was keeping him out of any trouble and ahead on points. At the end of the ninth we were just starting to shake our heads. Pender's legs seemed strong and Downes had been tiring. Six more rounds to go. Pender, scoring heavily, was what the realistic pessimists foretold. (His eye did not seem to be all that badly cut.) Then came pandemonium as the referee lifted Downes's glove.

Everybody roared and the sight of those tens of thousands of white-shirted fight-fans gesticulating all over that curiously hypnotic elliptical arena was strongly exhilarating. Later in the concrete bars there were lots of altercations between wiseacres. 'He was flipping lucky, you know'. And British zealots: 'You can say what you like, chum, but he's Middleweight Champion of the World for 90 days!' Anyway, it was a much better and fiercer fight than the mysterious Turpin-Sugar Ray Robinson Turkish-bath shuffle at Earl's Court almost ten years ago to the hot night.

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The usual prizes are offered for a conversation between a Sixth Former and his Careers Master on the opportunities offered in the field of Television, *haute couture*, Bookmaking, Competition-setting, Stockbroking, Politics, Political Journalism, or Blackmail.

Report

Those blackmailing Sixth Formers! Quite half the entries related to aspiring demanders of money with menaces, and in most instances the pupil practised his art on the master. Competition-setting was next in order of popularity:

– It's a paying stunt, then? Is the judging easy, sir?

– As falling off a log. Choose respectable entries for printing, mention everyone, praise freely, damn no one, and there you are.

ALLAN M. LAING

Nobody tried *haute couture* and there was not a great deal of enthusiasm for bookmaking, stockbroking, political journalism, or television (though the latter attracted an entry from Caroline Williamson who, at 11, must hold the record as Youngest NS Competitor).

Anzio

THE FULL STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN

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VAUGHAN-THOMAS

'. . . (he) tells the story of Anzio at several levels, from GHQ down to the slit trenches, and handles it brilliantly at all of them. His having been there (frequently a handicap to the military historian) has helped considerably. His trench-level glimpses of men at war are superb.' *Raymond Fletcher, The Bookman*

'. . . . he has, with great dramatic skill, recreated the mounting tension of the battle—the almost intolerable strain of gun-hammered nights and drenching skies . . . . a controlled and lucid description of an action of great complexity . . . . (he) deserves our gratitude and admiration for it.' *Eric Linklater, Sunday Times*

Illustrated 30s.

Longmans

From P. W. R. Foot's political aspirant:

– Doesn't what you believe in matter at all, sir? I have certain ideals . . .

– Helps enormously! Apart from becoming an MP – useful line that – can bring in a spot of broadcasting, journalism, or even business on the side – you can be an official or organiser . . .

Two guineas each to the entries printed. Runners-up: Martin Fagg, D. Bear and G. J. Blundell.

SIXTH FORMER: Advise me, sir.

CAREERS MASTER: H'm. Poor intellectual capacity, offset by considerable cunning; moral integrity nil; dull, seemingly respectable features . . . Crampe, if you were there already, I would say Archbishop, Prime Minister or King, but you would never top the lower slopes. How about blackmail?

SF. Sir?

CM. Public School porter.

SF. That's not much of a job, sir.

CM. Crampe, nobody pays attention to a background official. Be efficient. Keep your eyes and ears open, that's all. Study the scribbles in the school bogs, watch who does them, take photographs. Look in the desks for obscene postcards. See what the masters are up to with boys they keep in late. That sort of thing. Tape recorder. Concealed microphones. Lots of famous people have sons at a public school, Crampe, people with money, people who'd pay, people who daren't be touched by scandal. The Governors don't like scandal either. Savvy?

J. A. LINDON

CM. You want a soft job, with a small but regular income? Why not Competition-setting?

SF. What do you have to do for that?

CM. Quite simple! You take a topical subject out of the newspaper, make up a list of well-known writers, and combine them.

For example:

'Give an imaginary extract from the works of: Shakespeare, Johnson, P. G. Wodehouse, Homer, Kingsley Amis, or Browning, on the Common Market.'

SF. But isn't it an awful swot, reading all the entries? And how do I judge them, if I haven't read all those blasted authors?

CM. Oh well, there are half a dozen regular prize-winners (I can give you their names). Pick out their entries, and select two or three of them in rotation; add a few others at random, and shy the rest into the basket! The thing's a lottery, anyway!

R. KENNARD DAVIS

CM. Television, eh? Can you ride?

SF. You mean – a *horse*, sir?

CM. What else? Or records. *Bang, bang! They gomme, stranger.*

SF. No, sir. Bicycle.

CM. Bicycle! Really, Chalmers, I doubt whether you are sufficiently contemporary for a TV career. Commentator perhaps, compere, scene-shifter . . . Look, you're at a football match, what do you say?

SF. Er —— the ball —— well, Matthews k-kicks it —— er ——

CM. No, no, no! You say: 'He's all right again.' H'm, I can't see you as a Kenneth Wolstenholme. Not even as a Peter West, you haven't the mental pahr, incomp*a*rable as you ahr.

SF. Huh!

CM. Too plainly forced. Try a smile instead. Oh, God almighty, close it up! What sells toothpaste, Chalmers, is teeth, not gaps.

SF. Biked into a dog, sir.

CM. *Biked into a dog.* Why the Lone Ranger couldn't save the Sheriff's daughter. No, Chalmers, for you, television is OUT.

R. A. MCKENZIE

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

Gagarin and his spacecraft are all very well, but when we have finished cheering let us look again at another new form of transport which is going to count for far more here on earth. Two years after the historic first demonstration of C. S. Cockerell's hovercraft, I doubt if many people have yet acquired any real sense of the tremendous potentiality of the air cushion as a replacement for both the buoyant hull and the wheel. Some days ago I was watching a high-speed demonstration of the original machine, SR-N1, gingered up by a powerful jet engine; and I must admit it needed a fair amount of imagination to extrapolate from this noisy, dumpy contraption skidding about Southampton Water and to visualise the commercial hovercraft of even the immediate future.

To my mind, much the most exciting prospect is the application of hovercraft in the newly developing countries. Indeed, the implications are so staggering that it is remarkable that they are not more widely discussed. Consider the consequences of a machine which can carry passengers, equipment and freight at high speed over any surface which is reasonably flat and free of tall obstacles. It could use the great rivers of India or Brazil, regardless of currents, rapids, sandbanks and weeds; or it could travel over clearways hacked through the bush of Australia or Africa.

The hovercraft pioneers have these countries very much in mind: they can offer them a serious alternative to roads and railways. (I am reminded of mankind's endless war against silt and of the mediaeval trading ports of England which lost their battle and are now inland towns; what they really needed to keep them going were hovercraft, but I must resist the temptation to speculate on the possible configuration of a mediaeval hovercraft.)

The opening-up of the interior of a country becomes an altogether less daunting undertaking and errors in planning become less costly. A single invention means that the governments of the underdeveloped countries can wake up to find that they already have the equivalent of a network of fast motorways. It is a gift to the world of the equivalent of many millions of man-years of labour at a time when it is most urgently needed. This is just the kind of thing I have in mind when I go around denying the widely held view that what the underdeveloped countries need is chiefly rudimentary science. They must have, on the contrary, the fruits of present ingenuity.

The National Research Development Corporation, through its offshoot, Hovercraft Development Ltd, is doing a first-class job. It is collaborating with industrial companies to get various types of commercial hovercraft developed. Denny on the Clyde demonstrated last month the experimental forerunner of the hoverferry which they mean to complete next year for river work: unlike SR-N1 it does not ride completely free of the water but uses sidewalls to help to contain the air cushion created by the downward acting jets. This arrangement makes for greater economy and easier control. Folland Aircraft are developing a hovertruck for load-carrying on rough ground; while

Saunders-Roe (who built SR-N1) and Vickers (South Marston) are developing high-speed passenger craft.

All the time evidence is accumulating that the high hopes for hovercraft will be fulfilled, and fresh ideas for applications are emerging. It looks as if the nation has backed a winner and it is surprising, if comforting, that the United States does not appear to have grasped the opportunities for developments in many directions simultaneously; the Americans are concentrating on military applications, whereas the British service departments have been negligent about hovercraft.

Needless to say, apart from the use of hovercraft in underdeveloped countries, which I have emphasised, they will have profound consequences in the advanced countries as well. Fast coastwise and riverborne hovercraft could in principle afford great relief to Britain's transport system (and provide yet another headache for Dr Beeching – only partly offset by the possibility of hovertrains). Indeed, at a time when the future of the railways and road programme are under discussion and great sums are being spent on the development of vertical take-off aircraft, the hovercraft is an awkward spanner in everyone's works. It really makes more urgent than ever a careful national appraisal of all the possible means of inland transport and the best plan for providing the services we need. The pace of technological progress should force on the government what they have, for political reasons, steadfastly refused for years.

City Lights

TAURUS

Waiting and fretting, chewing on the same black thoughts again and again, the City is near to bursting with impatience and anxiety: and, the more anxious it becomes, the greater the risk that a government which is self-consciously weak and hypersensitive to criticism will finally go berserk. Mr Lloyd will certainly have an attentive audience when he does his stuff in a week or two but he will find it extremely difficult to please both the half which craves guiltily for bitter medicine and the half which longs for a sense of direction. The City, in fact, is now less concerned with Mr Lloyd and his regulators than with the boundless anxieties – Europe, Berlin – which it has read into the latest gold figures and the increasing pressure on the exchange rate. Cunard is a popular symbol at the moment: the luxury liner of a few months back has become a small, leaky, rudderless boat on an unfriendly sea.

Objectively, too, things have become slightly worse in the past few days. MacEurope's peripatetics have found the going tougher than they expected. Mr Sandys, whose reputation entitled him to the job of persuading the whitest part of the Commonwealth to acquiesce in the risk of ruin, bullied the New Zealand government into signing an acquiescent communiqué. The opposition promptly attacked, and the Australian government, which has an election in the offing, took a much more intransigent line: it will be surprising if Mr Sandys finds the Canadians less difficult to manage. The peripatetics were meant to bring back paper assurances to silence MacEurope's backbenchers; but they play politics in the Commonwealth too, and the trips have helped to push every vested

POLITICAL AFRICA

A Who's Who of Personalities and Parties

Edited by Ronald Segal

What is it? POLITICAL AFRICA is primarily a Who's Who of over 400 leading personalities; but there is also an account of the aims and histories of the 100 or so parties involved. The work is divided into two parts, Political Personalities and Political Parties, and is fully cross-referenced.
Whose idea? The idea came from Ronald Segal, editor of AFRICA SOUTH, now in exile in London. Mr. Segal knows well the leading personalities in Africa, and he has been careful to keep the analysis objective and factual. His relationship with PRESENCE AFRICAINE in Paris ensures accurate information on French-speaking Africa.
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interest into loud, headlined protest about the dangers of British negotiations with Europe. MacEurope may not yet be frightened of his party, but he is old enough to be sentimental: Mr Sandys has certainly not improved the odds on a decision to open negotiations with the Six being announced before the holiday. The decision seems still to be open, and will depend – like most decisions which settle the fate of nations – on the whims of an old man's digestion.

* * *

The City, which knows about the whims of digestion, is entirely unhappy. Part of it has traditional ties with the Commonwealth, part with Europe: both now feel that the government cares for neither, that it has been trying to jilt one for the other in an effort to make up for the bankruptcy of his own economic policies, and that it is now in danger of being simultaneously ostracised by the Commonwealth, rebuffed by Europe, and condemned by America. If MacEurope, teetering at the altar, fails to see even the beginning of the ceremony through, the City reckons the economic results will be extremely unpleasant. Sterling will almost certainly have to be devalued, to the final wreck of the Commonwealth connection, but there is no government in sight ready to force on the country the discomforts which might be tolerated as the price of entry into Europe: a desperate axe may cut down ruthlessly on defence and aid and turn us into Little Englanders overnight, but the domestic sacrifices in aid of sterling for which Mr Butler is slyly calling are unlikely to be made.

MacEurope, in short, has allowed the stake to become so large that the prospect of abandoning it is now intolerable. The immediate trouble is that Mr Lloyd, faced with an opportunity for drama, may be tempted to introduce measures more restrictive than the occasion demands and to use the City's emotional crisis as an excuse for slashing cuts, at home as well as abroad, in government expenditure. If he yields to the temptation, he may find that the City is as little impressed as the Zurich gnomes: it is our failure to push up our national income as rapidly as our neighbours which is now the argument for going short of sterling.

* * *

Even those who are ready for the worst do not expect tighter controls over hire-purchase, since it is the consumer durable industries which have most capacity idle. The market, in any case, is anticipating the Chancellor. The finance houses, still bleeding from their recent wounds, are no longer prepared to treat the official 20 per cent minimum deposit on cars as a maximum. The ten-year test has done little to dispel the idea that everyone can now afford to own some kind of car; a finance house, on the HP system, has no safeguard against people who buy cars they cannot afford except repossession – and repossession, if the initial deposit is low, will probably involve the finance house in loss. The larger houses, therefore, are proposing to raise this minimum deposit on new cars to 25 per cent and on second-hand cars to 33⅓ per cent; the smaller HP finance firms, which account for only 20 per cent of the business, will have to choose between following suit and being left with a large proportion of risky business at high rates.

The tobacco industry can look forward neither to a sudden upsurge in demand nor to a dramatic improvement in the quality of its product: a fag is a fag, whatever the advertising may suggest, and the consumer would probably be best served by a state monopoly. But it is hardly surprising that the Monopolies Commission should have found Imperial Tobacco guilty of complacency rather than of deliberate exploitation or that it should recommend it to get rid of its 42½ per cent holding in Gallaher, its main rival – a holding which the City has long taken for granted but which had never been admitted. IMPS, though the chairman was quick to modify his first, impulsive reaction, will be reluctant to part with an investment (worth over £40m in market price) which is so much more promising than its own business: but it can always distribute the Gallaher shares to its shareholders.

Company News

The price of *Colvilles* has fallen below that fixed for the rights issue, and the underwriters are cross.

Mr Joseph's offer of shares in *Mount Royal* was 24 times oversubscribed.

Southcros, one of the more reputable industrial holding groups, has issued accounts which actually explain its position.

British Drug Houses is not finding it altogether easy to convince shareholders that a tie-up with a US company is preferable to a straightforward bid.

And a new unit trust has been started with the most respectable City backing for the profitable investment of trade union funds.

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COMPANY MEETING

THE BOVRIL GROUP

The 64th Annual General Meeting was held on July 5th.

The following are points from Lord Luke's statement for 1960.

The Consolidated Profits for 1960 before charging U.K. Tax was £1,411,657. The net profit of the Group after tax is £798,699. The Directors recommend a dividend of 12 per cent. for the year on the increased capital.

So far as 1961 is concerned the demand for Bovril has been very well maintained, despite the mild winter, and sales of most of our other products have shown an improvement.

1960 was another year of increased sales of our main product, Bovril. There was also a steady trend towards the purchase by the public of larger sizes and export sales showed a substantial increase.

The total volume of milk handled by the Group in 1960 increased some 12½ per cent; we are now processing in the region of 100,000 gals. per day, and considerably in excess of this figure during the flush season. Ambrosia Limited worked overtime throughout the year in order to keep pace with the demand for Creamed Rice. Sales of Ambrosia Milk Puddings during the year were the highest yet recorded. Gold Cup Jaffajuce was in steady demand. Marmite Limited had a very successful year in both the Home and Export markets and the net profit established a record.

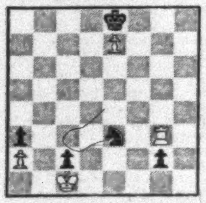
Sales of Virol during the first nine months of the year were rather disappointing. October Television advertising confined to selected areas, resulted in an immediate upward trend in sales in these areas.

The Bovril Group has maintained its expenditure on publicity for all products in all available media. People who give serious thought to the matter realise the important part advertising plays in the distribution of goods and services without which the economy would virtually come to a standstill.

The Chess Board

No. 609. The Other Way Round

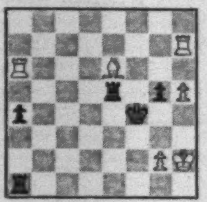
Time and again, in this column, I have stressed the practical value of endgame studies, and we all know of precious ½ points saved or gained by a player's timely memory of a study-idea applicable for the position in hand. But then – though less frequently – this may well work the other way round by a game-position being so interesting as to inspire a composer's flight of fancy. Such a case has just been reported by Dr. Euwe in his *Schach-Echo* column where he reprints a game position (Meddeler-van Perlo) he published a year or two earlier. Here it is, with the *zugzwang*-lash in sway on both sides of the board. Obviously White can't play Kd2 on account of the Kt-fork on f1, and indeed he has nothing but Rg7, whereupon Black is restricted to the one move . . .Kd7; true enough, White can now play Kd2, but he can make no headway after the (enforced) retreat of the Black K to e8. This interesting draw inspired the Roumanian composer M. Milescu for a study of his own and yet another one in collaboration with V. Nestorescu. Here's the first one: /4k3/3p4/4P3/8/5kt2/2pR4/1p3p2/1K6/. Obviously 1) Rf3? would be refuted by . . . Kte6:;2) Rf2:,d5 etc, hence 1) ed:✠,Kd8; 2) Rf3!(Rd1?), Ktd3; 3) Rf7!,Kte5; 4) Rf2:,Ktc4; 5) Rf8✠!. [So as to get the R behind the Black KtP], Kd7:; 6) Rb8,Kta3✠; 7) Ka2,Ktc4; 8) Kb1!, and Black can make no headway by, say . . . Kc6; 9) Kc2! (Ka2?) Kc5; 10) Rb7,Kd4; 11) Rd7✠,Ke4; 12) Rb7,Kd4; 13) Rd7✠ etc.



Now here's the second study: /4k3/8/3P4/8/5kt2/2p4R/1pK2p2/8/. It seems tempting to start with 1) d7✠,Kd7:; 2) Rf3, so as to rob Black of the square d3, but it would be no good on account of . . . Ktd5!; 3) Rf2;, Kte3✠; 4) Kb1. Ktc4 and wins since White is unable to get his R behind the pawn. Since 1) Rh1 would also be refuted by . . . Ktd5 White's only chance is 1) Rf3, for now . . Ktd5 would fail against 2) Rf2:, Kte3✠; 3) Kb1,Ktc4; 4) Re2✠,Kd8; 5)Re1! etc. Thus Black's best is 1) . . . Kte3; 2) Rf6! (d7✠?), Kd8; 3) Rf7!(Rf5?), Ke8; 4) Rf6,Kd7; 5) Kb1! ,Kc6 (best); 6) Kc2, Kte5 [If, instead, he plays . . . Kb6 or . . . Kb7 White counters Rf8 with the threat of 8) d7, thus forcing the K back to c6] 7) Rf2:,Ktc4; 8) Rf1!,Kte3✠; 9) Kc3:, Ktf1:; 10) Kb2: and, once again, we've got the draw.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White played Rha7 and felt quite happy about it. Yet, he had to resign a couple of moves later. Why? For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins, both very pretty and not too difficult, I hope. Usual prizes. Entries by 24 July.

A: E. Spanjaard 1961



B: H. G. Weenink 1923: /16/4KBk1/R7/16/7p/8/.

C: V. A. Bron 1947: /8/6pl/4p3/2k2q2/1R3Kt2/B7/K7/8/.

REPORT on No. 606. Set 23 June

A 1) Ra7!, Ra7:; 2) h8(Q), a1(Q); 3) d5 ch etc.

B: 1) Kb4 ch, Kd5, 2) e4 ch, Kd4 (best); 3) Qa2!, Kd3 (best); 4) Qc4 ch, Kd2:; 5) Qa2 ch etc. Or 1) . . . Ktc3; 2) Qc3; ch, Kd5; 3) d3!, Qe2: (best); 4) Qc4 ch, Ke5; 5) d4 ch etc.

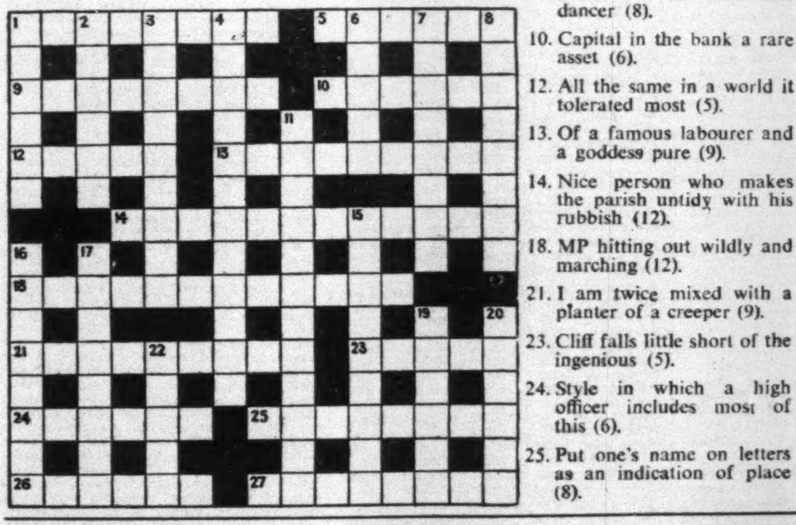
C: 1) Kte3 ch, Kc3 (best); 2) Kt(b)d1 ch, Kd4; 3) Ktf5 ch!, Ke4 (best); 4) Kte3 ch!, Qc3:; 5) Ktd6 ch, Kf4:; 6) g3 ch. Kg4; 7) Kg2, Ktg5; 8) Ktf7!, Qg7; 9) Rg5: ch! hg:; 10) Kth6 ch!, Qh6:; 11) e4, h4; 12) h3 ch, Kh5; 13) g4 mate.

Not so easy. Prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. T. Maccall, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword 466

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 466, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 25 July.



ACROSS

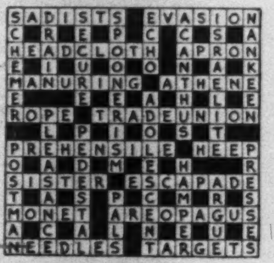
1. Pontiff of Avignon (8).
5. Specifies conditions (6).
9. Instrument for man and dancer (8).
10. Capital in the bank a rare asset (6).
12. All the same in a world it tolerated most (5).
13. Of a famous labourer and a goddess pure (9).
14. Nice person who makes the parish untidy with his rubbish (12).
18. MP hitting out wildly and marching (12).
21. I am twice mixed with a planter of a creeper (9).
23. Cliff falls little short of the ingenious (5).
24. Style in which a high officer includes most of this (6).
25. Put one's name on letters as an indication of place (8).
26. Place which may be looted (6).
27. Pennant for a boat going outside the river (8).

DOWN

1. Hostile force of an underarm maiden (6).
2. Beliefs in dwelling-places without men (6).
3. Offers mixed scent among friends (9).
4. Fond of music though evil at heart (12).
6. Invigorating finish to a kind of love (5).
7. Ridiculous performance of a score without something to wear (8).
8. Instruments for setting out press cuttings about a girl (8).
11. Spreader of beliefs drops it haphazardly round the unbeliever (12).
15. Harmlessness of once holding the church to be below the pub (9).
16. 'The very casques That did —— the air at Agincourt' (*K. Henry V*) (8).
17. Place which cures broken hips a lot (8).
19. 'Every —— was once a private opinion' (Emerson) (6)
20. Reformed gambler (6).
22. Poem for one and the boy who embraces one (5).

Set-square

Solution to No. 464



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ST IVES Bay, Carapark, Hayle, Cornwall. Caravan to let from now to 22 July. Also from Sept. onwards. 22 ft. 4 berth. Flush toilets, etc. Right on sand dunes. M. Lethbridge, Albert Terrace, St Ives.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG professional couple, no children, require furnished or unfurnished s/c. flat easy reach central London. 1 September or sooner. Willing pay reasonable rent for adequate accommodation. References available. Please write Box 4408.

2 Indian bachelors, prof., seek furn./unfurn. s/c. flat. North of the river, fairly central. Reasonable rent. Box 4338.

WANTED in Sept. unfurnished rooms or small inexpensive cottage. Quiet, reliable, permanent tenant. Box 4297.

FLAT (2-3 rms) reqd by couple and baby for 2-16 Sept, pref. NW or N London. We carry own baby cot and would treat flat carefully. Please write partics (what floor?) and terms to Perl, 22 Colovrex, G. Saconnex, Geneva (Switzerland).

YOUNG lady diabetic, secretary, wishes to live with nice family as p.g. within easy reach Euston. Box 4203.

CIVIL Servant (m.), sks accommodation, furn./unfurn. SW London. Surrey, Richmond pref. Away wk-ends, car. Box 4459.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—cont.

UNFURN. accom. for 2, permanent, SW1, 8, 9; SE1, 5, 11, 15, 17. Box 4229.

YOUNG couple sk hol. cottage S Eng. Cornwall/Devon. 3-5 wks let. Box 4310.

EIRE, S. or W. Furn. cottage wanted to rent, month of October. Box 4395.

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The University wishes to appoint a Lecturer in Social Work to the staff of the School of Sociology, within the Faculty of Arts.

The School of Sociology is responsible for courses leading towards first and higher degrees in Arts and a diploma in Sociology. Courses in Sociology are also given as part of the programme in humanities and social sciences. The diploma course includes a section on the sociology of social work and other related subjects; it is intended to develop this part of the course. The successful applicant will play an important part in the planning and teaching of this section. Applicants should have a degree, preferably with honours, in sociology or a related field, and should have qualifications in social work.

Applicants should state clearly their fields of specialisation, in both theoretical and practical spheres.

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Four copies of applications, including the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded to the Appointments Section, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, New South Wales, by airmail to reach there before 1 September 1961.

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JOINT DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE

Applications are invited for the vacancy of a Trainee Psychiatric Social Worker in this department, which consists of a 55-bedded In-Patient Unit with an associated Out-Patient Department. The post offers a good opportunity for practical experience which would be of value to anyone wishing to proceed to further training.

Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a degree with a Post-Graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. Appointments will be for a period of one year from 1 October 1961.

Salary at age 23, £520; at 24, £540; at 25, £560; at 26, £580; at 27, £600 p.a. Applications, which should include the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Westgate Rd, Newcastle upon Tyne, 4, not later than 3 August.

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Qualified Head Teacher (woman) aged 25-45 required for teaching and training small group of mentally subnormal children and of selected young female adults whose mental defect shows itself mainly in disordered conduct.

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Application forms and further particulars from Secretary, Ministry of Health (Room 420), Savile Row, London, W1.

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Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment

BBC requires a Producer in its North American Service, which is a small production team creating topical programmes rebroadcast by networks and independent stations in USA and Canada (including French Canada). Producers devise and produce talks, interviews, discussions and radio-magazines of several types. Qualifications: good education, ability to handle wide range of ideas and people, keen topical sense, lively appreciation of the modern world of technical achievement and ability to work incisively under pressure of time. First hand knowledge of USA or Canada desirable but other experience (e.g. journalistic) directly relevant to presentation of British opinion to North American continent will be considered. Working French an advantage. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope quoting ref. 61.G.308 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Producers and Production Assistants in School Broadcasting, Television, to specialise in field of mathematics, science and technology. University degree, genuine interest in education of the average child or student, and visual imagination to exploit television for educational purposes are essential, with some experience of teaching. Experience in films, television, radio or journalism would be useful. Producers are required to display imaginative origination of ideas in visual and written terms, practical ability to execute them efficiently and at speed, and creative use of visual material (including film), and to achieve mastery of the techniques of television production. Salary £1,725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,225 max. p.a. Production Assistants normally work under supervision of producers, and are expected to contribute programme ideas, carry out research and script work, select and direct film sequences and share in work of studio direction and programme administration. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope quoting ref. 61.G.309, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W1, within five days.

ST DAVID'S College, Lampeter. Applications are invited for the following new posts of Lecturers and Assistant-Lecturers, all open to men and women, which are to be established with effect from 1 August 1961, with duties commencing 1 October 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Applications from those who could not take up the posts until 1962 are invited at the same time: Classics: One Lecturer and One Assistant-Lecturer. Modern History: One Lecturer (Medieval History) and One Assistant-Lecturer (Modern History). Welsh: One Lecturer or Assistant-Lecturer. English: One Lecturer or Assistant-Lecturer. French: One Lecturer or Assistant-Lecturer. Salary scales: Lecturer, £1,050 x £50 to £1,400 x £75 to £1,850, with entry point according to age, qualifications and experience. Assistant-Lecturers, £800 x £50 to £950. Superannuation and Children's Allowance Schemes. Applications should be sent not later than 19 August 1961 to the Principal, St David's College, Lampeter, Cardiganshire, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Organiser (5-day week) required, late July, at Presbyterian Settlement, 58 East India Dock Rd, Poplar, E14. Busy office, interesting work, 2 part-time Assistants. Apply to The Warden.

LEADER for Wolverhampton Housing Estate Club urgently required in September. Excellent support and assistance by area secretary. 6 weeks holiday. Good salary for experienced leader. Apply Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, London, W1.

THE Morris Feinmann Homes Trust invites applications for the post of Matron, to take charge of Jewish Old Age Home for Former Refugees, as successor to retiring Matron. Modern building, pleasantly situated in South Manchester; knowledge of German desirable; generous remuneration according to experience. Apply to Treasurer, P.O. Box 1, Eccles, Manchester.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne. Lecturer in Criminology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should be qualified as legal practitioners, psychiatrists, psychologists, forensic scientists or social workers. The salary range is £A1,660 to £A2,360 per annum. Initial salary will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation similar to FSSU in Great Britain will be provided. Conditions of Appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 21 August 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. Experience and interests in Clinical Psychology together with some competence in General Psychology would be preferred in a candidate for this position. The salary will be £1,250 per annum rising to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within specified limits. Further particulars, and information as to the method of application, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 4 August 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Social Anthropology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. The successful candidate will be expected to undertake research on communities (European and/or non-European) in New Zealand and in due course to develop lecture courses on these and similar types of literate societies. The salary will be £1,250 per annum rising to £1,700 per annum. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars, and information as to the method of application, may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 8 September 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics. There are two vacancies and applications are invited for these positions. Salary Scales: Senior Lecturer £1,750-£2,000 or Lecturer £1,250 x 75-£1,700. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 20 August 1961.

LONDON County Council. Holborn College of Law, Languages and Commerce, Princeton Street, Bedford Row, WC1. Department of Modern Languages. Lecturer in Spanish and French. Applicants should be graduates and keen teachers. The successful candidate will teach Spanish and French intensively to 'A' level in the new one year Modern Language Course. The post will be temporary in the first instance, with the possibility of a permanent appointment later. Salary within the range £1,408-£1,601. Particulars and application forms obtainable from the Secretary, (FE3a/N/1923/7), should be returned within 14 days.

CHILDREN'S Department Inspectors: Home Office. 3 pensionable posts for men or women at least 28 on 1.7.61. Normally, candidates should be university graduates, or should hold a diploma or certificate in social science or social studies. They must have had recognised training in social or educational work and wide experience of work with young people and of present-day social conditions. Sympathetic understanding of the problems of children and young persons, and knowledge of remedial measures and residential conditions also essential. National salary scale £1,420-£1,872. Starting salary may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, Ldn, W1, for applic. form quoting 5343/61. Closing date 4 August 1961.

TYPIST wanted, two hours mornings: Suite 1B, 16 John Adam Street, WC2.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for skilled casework in community care services. Part-time considered. Work developing in scope and individual interest in various aspects of social treatment encouraged. More experienced psychiatric social workers have opportunity of learning teaching methods and group supervision. Establishment of 10 and County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Casework consultation with exper. staff available for newly qualified. PTA quals and salary. Car allowance. Established if whole-time. Particulars and 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 and 7 Old Queen Street, SW1, by 4 August. (Quote G.787 NS).

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental students. 15 hours weekly Mornings. Denmark Hill, SE5, area. £4 14s. 6d. per week. Box 3970.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTHAMPTON College of Advanced Technology, St John Street, London, EC1. Department of Social and Industrial Studies. Owing to expansion in the work of the Department additional lecturing staff will be required from September 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Candidates for appointment should have the appropriate University qualifications and industrial or related experience. The work will involve developing and organising postgraduate studies, and teaching at both undergraduate and postgraduate levels. Emphasis will be on quantitative or statistical methods in investigating problems in the organisation and planning of industrial effort. Outside consultancy is encouraged, subject to College commitments. (1) Reader in Industrial Sociology: To conduct and to supervise research into the structure and operation of industrial organisations, having regard to management theory and practice. (2) Senior Lecturer in Industrial Engineering, specialising in the quantitative aspects of management practice. (3) Senior Lecturer in Social and Experimental Psychology, specialising in the structure, characteristics and norms of human groups and their inter-relation and control. Salary scales: Reader: £1,838 by increments of £50 to a maximum of £2,151 p.a. Senior Lecturer: £1,588 by increments of £50 to a maximum of £1,801 p.a. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Secretary of the College, St John Street, EC1. J. S. Tait, BSc., Ph.D, MIEE, MIMech.E., Principal.

BRITISH Council, London, requires Assistant for Photographs Section. Candidates must have good general education, typing ability. Library and/or office experience desirable. Starting salary up to £643 at age 25 or over rising to £851 (salary scale under review) and with promotion prospects to £1,214. Pension Scheme. 5-day week. Write quoting H.8.NS(61) and enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Recruitment Department, 65 Davies St, London, W1, for further particulars & application form to be submitted by 28 July.

BRITISH Council, London, requires Assistant in Book Reviews Department, to assist in selection of books and other publications (general and/or scientific) for distribution to overseas reviewers. Candidates must be graduates, desirably with experience on the editorial side of journalism and/or publishing. Starting salary up to £819 at age 25 or over, rising to £1,214. Pension scheme with transfer arrangements. Write, quoting G8NS(61) to Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, for further particulars and application form to be submitted by 28 July.

THE Co-operative Union Limited. Development Department. Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following important and interesting positions in an expanding department. Both positions are superannuated and based in Manchester. (1) Assistant Development Officer. Duties involve preparation of material on financial aspects of Co-operative Movement's development problems, and particularly assessment of and advice on specific development projects of retail societies. Qualifications sought are a lively and relevant mind, a detailed knowledge of co-operative finance and trade, and appreciation of trading trends, and the ability to summarise conclusions clearly and concisely. A degree or recognised secretarial or accountancy qualification would be an advantage, as would be personal experience of development costing. As development projects need to be assessed on the spot, a fair amount of travelling will be involved. Salary, £1,450 p.a. (2). Senior Assistant. Duties involve research into changing patterns of trade and consumer expenditure and into possibilities of co-operative expansion into new fields of trade. Qualifications sought are familiarity with research sources and techniques, sound knowledge of retail trade, and ability in expression. Previous experience of this kind of work would be useful, and the possession of a good degree or professional qualification would be an advantage. Some travelling might be required. Salary, £1,200 p.a. Candidates should state which position they are interested in when they write for application forms and further particulars to the Development Officer, Co-operative Union, Holyoake House, Hanover Street, Manchester, 4. Closing date, 24 July 1961.

WILTSHIRE Education Committee. Applications invited for the post of Domestic Bursar at Urchfont Manor Residential Adult College, Nr Devizes. Duties involve household management and catering for about 30 residents. The person appointed will act as hostess and will be required to live in. Salary £680 x £25 to £755 less £180 for board and lodging. Details from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts. Closing date for applications 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

AN INDEPENDENT Special School for maladjusted children, fully recognised by the Ministry of Education, requires a Matron for 1 September. Resident post. Good salary and free time. Personality and experience more important than qualifications. Large staff; 40 children – boys and girls. Pl. apply: The Principals, The Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, Witney, Oxon.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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SHORTHAND-typist / general assistant needed for welfare/rehabilitation office in Pentonville Prison. Information from Senior Prison Welfare Officer, HM Prison, Pentonville, Ldn, N7 (or phone NORth 4767)

MEDICAL Research Council. Additional Secretary required by Social Medicine Research Unit. Varied and interesting work. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience within range £565-£793 (scale now under review). Superannuation. Apply: Director, SMRU, The London Hospital Research Laboratories, Ashfield St, E1.

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SECRETARY required for Editorial Department of Art and General Book Publisher. Interesting post with good prospects and opportunity. Write Box 4481.

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COURSES etc.—contd from p.72

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0. Thur. 2.30. 'Kreutzer Sonata'. Members.

MERMAID. CITy 7656. 16-23 July inc. Festival of Poetry. Com. Wednesday 26 July, O'Casey's 'The Bishop's Bonfire'.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evenings at 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15, Thurs. 2.30, Arnold Wesker's 'The Kitchen'.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'They Might Be Giants'.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): 'Look! No Eyebrows'. Orig. revue. 13, 14, 15 July at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Bertolt Brecht's 'The Visions of Simone Machard'. 'Splendidly effective...the company seem inspired...' Times. Must close 30 July. Adv. Bkg 10-1 & 6-10. Members annual subscription 5s. Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays only, 7.45

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Under Milk Wood' by Dylan Thomas, 14 July. 'Private Lives' by Noel Coward, 15 July. 2.30 and 7.30. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

'MARTHA' by Friedrich von Flotow. A Voice of America recording of a recent broadcast performance by the Metropolitan Opera, with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker and Giorgio Tozzi. Conducted by Kurt Adler. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 18 July, 6.30 p.m. Admision free.

EILEEN Farrell: Puccini Arias. Arias from 'La Rondine', 'Manon Lescaut', 'Tosca', 'Turandot', et al. With the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, conductor. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 20 July, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

6th Beaulieu
JAZZ FESTIVAL
Continental and American Stars
29 and 30 JULY

Send S.A.E. for information and tickets (limited and sold in advance only):
Afternoon 7s. 6d., evening 12s. 6d., season 32s. 6d., from:

Jazz Office, Beaulieu, Hants.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 16 July; 'Brief Encounter' (A), 'Une Partie de Campagne' (A). From 17 July: Renoir's 'The River' (U).

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION
Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.
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WARSAW GHETTO EXHIBITION
Documents, Relics, Photos, Paintings...
HERBERT SAMUEL HALL,
Bark Place, Bayswater, London, W2.
13-23 July
Suns. to Thurs.: 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Fridays: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

DAUMIER: Paintings and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6 Admission 3s. 6d

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED. Just published: A new series of postcards showing Picasso ceramics from the Museum at Antibes, 6d. each. Catalogue 2s.

INTERNATIONAL architectural exhibition, 'The Architecture of Technology'. Until 29 July, Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (closed Sunday). IUA Exhibition Building, South Bank, near County Hall.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies Street, London, W1. Extended until 1 August, Sculpture by Archipenko, 1909-1921. Paintings and drawings by his Cubist and Futurist Contemporaries. Daily 10-6. Sats 9.30-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The Artist in His Studio – Photographs by Alexander Liberman, 27 July-26 August. Private view 26 July, 6 p.m. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., members free.

ARCHITECTURE Today: Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 29 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1 (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Editions original prints – Bawden, Chadwick, Cheese, Grant, Gross, Piper, Rothenstein, Trevelyan, etc. Open now.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Recent sculpture: Elisabeth Frink. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Australian Painting 1961. Until 23 July. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Brian Lamberth, Laurence Grimes, Omar El Nagdi: Paintings. 10-29 July. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery. John Plumb: Paintings. 19 July-5 August. South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Roderic O'Conor, 1860-1940. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1 p.m.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. At the New London Gallery (HYD. 6195). Henry Moore Stone and Wood Carvings. In aid of RAF Benevolent Fund. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Barbara Jorgensen, New Paintings; and Water-colours by Albert Goodwin.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. From 19 July. Paintings by Douglas Bland & Douglas Portway.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Queenswood artists. 10-5.30. Thursday 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Wednesday, 19 July – Jazz. Kitty Grimes – Personal Choice. Modern Trumpet Players – by Ron Atkins. 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. 20 July at 7.30 p.m. 'The Integration of the Arts'. A discussion between artists and patrons contributing to the International Union of Architects Congress Building. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Held in the Headquarter Building, South Bank. Mems 3s. Non mems 5s

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ATV's Forum, Sunday, 16 July. Motion: 'The Churches are playing no positive role in modern life'. Main speakers: Ronald Waterhouse and Norman St John-Stevas. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at Studio, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m.

'THE Two Worlds of Contemporary American Drama, Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller', a lecture by Alan Downer, Professor of English, Princeton University; author of 'British Drama', 'Fifty Years of American Drama', 'The Art of the Play'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Monday, 17 July. The time of the lecture has been changed from 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. Admission free.

A. ALVAREZ, G. S. Fraser, R. S. Thomas will be some of the Poets and Critics at the first Conference of University Writers at Keele 15-17 Sept. Inclusive cost £5. Book with Manager, Universities Poetry, Dept of English, University College, Keele, Staffs. All welcome. £1 deposit payable when booking.

BSFS Events: 'The Soviet View' on Peace, I. Lebedev, V. Mayevsky and I. Milikovsky (Lord Chorley in Chair). Cora Hotel, Up. Woburn Pl., WC1, 7.30 p.m., Thurs. 20 July. Questions. Adm. 1s. at door. 'Soviet Youth and Trade Unions'. V. Kuznetsov and P. Shundayev (John Platts-Mills in Chair). Holborn Library, Theobalds Rd, WC1. Friday 21 July, 7.30 p.m. Questions. Adm 1s. at door. 'New Trends in the USSR'. Day School, Sun. 23 July, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Kraminov, Nekrassov, Zarubina, Nepomnyashchi, Cora Hotel, Up. Woburn Pl., WC1. Adm. 2s. 6d.

'PROBLEMS of British and American Education' a lecture by Philip Goodhart, MP for Beckenham; author of the Bow Group pamphlet 'Exchange Teacher'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St ent., Wed. 19 July, 6.30 p.m. Adm. free.

'SPRING Fever' – A Symposium of Music, Prose and Verse in the light romantic vein. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1, on Wed. 19 July at 8 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 14 July, 8 p.m. Social Evening – Troika Ensemble, songs by Alex Miller. Russian Buffet. Next meeting: 15 September.

THE Spanish Freedom Struggle 25th Anniversary. Public Meeting, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 18 July, 7.45. 'The Spanish People still fight Fascism'. Spkrs: Will Paynter, John Platts Mills. Chair: Jim Ruskin. Admn 6d. Org. by International Brigade Association.

SOVIET Lawyers answer questions on the Moscow Bar and Legal Consultation Centres. Thurs., 20 July, 7.30 p.m., SCR House, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. 2s. 6d.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghananananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Upanishads. Thurs, 27 July, 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn; Swami Ranganathananda (Ramakrishna Mission, New Delhi): 'Sri Ramakrishna & Spiritual Heritage of Man'. Chair: Prof. A. L. Basham.

'SLIPPED Discs' – Facts & Fallacies: S. Webster-Jones. Caxton Hall, Mon. 17 July, 7.30. 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society. Details: 85 Stoneleigh Road, Ilford.

'THE Problem of Germany': Hilda von Klenze, 17 July, 6.30. 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Peace Pledge Union.

DR. D. Stark Murray on Achieving 'The Normal' in Health. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 16 July, 11 a.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 16 July, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Human Programme': H. J. Blackham.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., London, SW1. Sat. 22 July at 3 p.m. Saturday Group (readings, discussion, tea). Library; instruction in meditation; classes in theory and practice of Buddhism free to Members. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs.: TAT. 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Walter Allen on 'The Left Wing Novel': 7.30 p.m. Wed. 19 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Soc.: Mem. Secretary, 52 Charleville Road, W14.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt Britain: Public Meeting. 'Socialism'. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Wed. 19 July, at 7.30 p.m. Admn Free. Questions & Discussion.

THE New Jewish Society's 2nd Riverboat Dance – Saturday, 29 July 1961. Embark Charing Cross Pier 7.30 p.m. Return 11.30 p.m. Tickets 15s. (incl. buffet meal) from Asst Sec., 206 Evering Rd, E5. (AMH. 7048)

'DEITY, Law and Freewill'. Public lecture. 16 July, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

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Apply to the Secretary.

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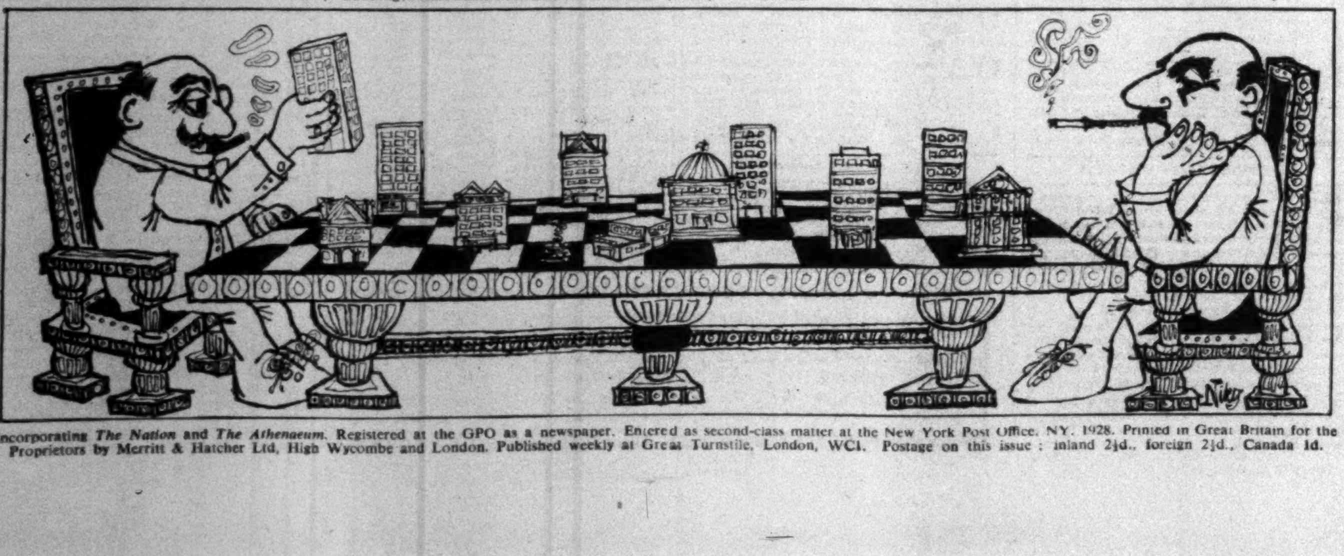
COURSES etc.—contd on p.71



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